PACIFIC LUTHERAN
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Lutheran Observer

Unless with proofs of Holy Writ, or with manifest, clear and distinct principles and arguments, I am refuted and convinced, I can and will recant nothing.—Luther

In Essentials, Unity; in Non-Essentials, Liberty; in all Things, Charity

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Poetry

HYMN

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER

O Painter of the fruits and flowers,
We own thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
May share the work of thine!

Apart from thee we plant in vain
The root and sow the seed;
Thy early and thy later rain,
Thy sun and dew, we need.

Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,
Our burden is our boon;
The curse of earth's gray morning is
The blessing of its noon.

Why search the wild world everywhere
For Eden's unknown ground?
That garden of the primal pair
May never more be found.

But, blest by thee, our patient toil
May right the ancient wrong,
And give to every clime and soil
The beauty lost so long.

Our homestead flowers and fruited trees
May Eden's orchard shame;
We taste the tempting sweets of these
Like Eve, without her blame.

And, North and South and East and West,
The pride of every zone,
The fairest, rarest, and the best,
May all be made our own.

Its earliest shrines the young world sought
In hill-groves and in bowers;
The fittest offerings thither brought
Were thy own fruits and flowers.

And still with reverent hands we cull
The gifts each year renewed;
The good is always beautiful—
The beautiful is good.

OPEN IMMEDIATELY

BY MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON

The certainest, surest thing I know,
Whatever, what else, may yet befall,
Of blessings or bane, of weal or woe,
Is the truth that is fatefulest far of all,
That the Master will knock at my door some night,
And there, in the silence hushed and dim,
Will wait for my coming with lamp alight,
To open immediately to Him.

I wonder if I at His tap shall spring
In eagerness up, and cross the floor
With rapturous step, and freely fling,
In the murk of the midnight, wide the door?
Or will there be work to put away?
Or the taper, that burns too low, to trim?
Or something that craves too much delay
To open immediately to Him?

If this is the only thing foretold
Of all my future, then I pray
That quietly watchful I may hold
The key of a golden faith each day
Fast shut in my grasp, that when I hear
His step, be it dawn or midnight dim,
Straightway may I rise without a fear,
And open immediately to Him.

Contributions

BALANCED CHRISTIANS

BY REV. W. E. FISCHER, D. D.

In every man are folded up possibilities. These possibilities are mental, moral, physical and spiritual. All of these possibilities may be made realizations in a measure at least. Obedience to the law which governs these several departments of man's organism is the key to a symmetrical and happy life.

It is to the spiritual side of man that we would specially confine our attention now. We are commanded to grow as Christians. Static Christianity is discounted by our Lord. We must "launch out into the deep" of Christian experience if we would become balanced Christian men and women. We are to grow in a particular thing. That particular thing is likeness unto Christ. There is much growth that is hindering. Some progress is a burden. We may grow in goods but not in goodness. Riches do not necessarily enrich a man; they often make him quite poor in soul. Riches too often *have* a man instead of his having them.

It is thought that knowledge is power. And so it is. But the power may be that of abuse instead of rightful use. Wisdom is not to be confounded with knowledge. Experience will always make the thoughtful man wise. "Wisdom comes only by toil and self-denial, often at the loss of health—never without labor." We know, therefore, what Solomon means when he says, "In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow; of making books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh." There is growth in such progress, but it does not make for the perfect, balanced man of Jesus Christ. It is good, but there is a better. There is a riches that makes for divine likeness, without which we are unbalanced in character. There is a beauty of spirit that defies the ravages of time and that casts a halo about the face of age and keeps us young indeed. We are to grow in the knowledge of God, in the exercise of spiritual faith. The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, kindness, goodness, faith, meekness. Along these lines lies our advance. In the likeness of Christ we are to find humility, self-denial and beautiful charity. Balanced Christian character comes out of prayer and watchfulness. It is thus that we become men and women of conscience, of heavenly temper and Christ-like holiness. This is *particular* growth, this is advance worth while. All other growth without this is ephemeral though it be called beautiful. It is the beauty of the rose that soon fadeth away. Heaven lies in *being*, not in seeming or having.

More than this. Balanced Christian character must be symmetrical. Christ was full-orbed. We are to be reincarnations of Christ. His was a symmetrical character. Normal growth is the true growth. Unbalanced, misshapen character is such, because it has not followed the law of normal growth. There is quite an array of moral monstrosities. What is a moral

monstrosity? It is not merely the absence of any one virtue, as bodily deformity is said to lie in the lack of limb or eye. It is possible to become deformed by *excessive* growth of any part of the body as over the rest of the body. So is it in the growth of strong, well-rounded character. Balanced virtues mean beauty and charm of character. Some of us have an undue amount of wholesome fear, so that we are always facing lions in the way. Faith is given little chance where such fear abounds. Zeal is a good thing, and we need more of it, some of us do. But zeal must not outrun knowledge and prudence. Too much unused steam is a dangerous thing. If zeal have not on it the guiding hand of wisdom, it will burst into extravagance, and land a man in the camp of the fanatics. Heredity has left its peculiar marks upon character, and education has added its deposit. Christianity can modify these, but never wholly eradicate them this side of heaven.

Christians may differ without being defective. Faces differ, but they are still beautiful. God never meant us to be alike. His work in nature and in grace is not a piece of monotony. The church of Christ is a garden, full of various flowers. Some Christians are full of faith, others of resignation, others of zeal, others of benevolence. Such men and women seem to get the eye of the church; they are praised for their peculiar grace, whatever it may be. They are good people. But are they the best? Some one has said that it is the least symmetrical tree that is the most noticeable. Well, it is so with men. The more perfect the tree in shape, the less the eye is attracted. It is only when we tarry long enough to gaze at it, that we wonder at its towering form and enormous girth. Yes, there are differences in Christian men and women. But he is the best exponent of Christianity who is most full-orbed. We read of the "measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." That means rounded-out character. Such character is the result of an all-round cultivation of the graces. We are to "do good unto all men," but we may be so given to philanthropic work as to forget the closet. Our eyes may be "in the ends of the earth," while we regard not our own hearts. We may "keep vineyards" while we neglect our own vine. On the other hand, we may give so much attention to our own case that we heed not the call to don the armor, and face and fight the common foe. It is good to be on the mount with Christ, but not all the time. At the foot of the mount is suffering humanity waiting for our word and work. Our growth must be equal. Head, heart and hand; doctrine, devotion and duty — each should be given proper time and attention. We admire a perfect piece of art. It is the symmetrical Christian who is heaven's finest piece of art.

A balanced Christian is the result of constant growth. We are planted to grow on and on. We are babes to grow unto the full stature of men and women in Christ Jesus. We are students, studying in the school of Christ. This school never closes for us. There is no graduation day here. We are to grow constantly. Slowly, silently our growth goes on. It is so in nature. We need to be doing and getting good. Each day should be an improvement over the previous day. We should not forever be repenting of the same sin. We should set a strong guard at the weak spots. Upward must be our constant advance. The eternal day is at the summit. The child grows to maturity, then stops. Then there is a return to "childish days." Physically we ascend, and then we descend. Not so is it with spiritual growth. Death is not a blank wall. We are immortal whether we will it so or not. But we may have *eternal* life. And this means continued growth in another sphere. We shall live forever. But eternal life with Christ is eternal growth in heaven.

And then we grow a balanced character by effort. Wishing for wings to rise never grows wings with which to rise. The infant learns to walk by trying to walk. God does not make us strong save as we will to be strong. We are to *work* at our religion. We grow as we groan. If you want to be a balanced Christian, you must exercise yourself in all your calling of God. You may have a "title clear to mansions in the skies." But your mansion is in the skies, and you are still this side of it. You may be in the love of God. But you must "keep yourself in the love of God." Your growth may be slow. "Till we come . . . unto a perfect man," is the law under which you are to grow. It is a matter of stages. One by one the stars come out. There are growths that come up in a night, but they also perish in a night. The seed that springs up "forthwith," withers "forthwith," because there is no deepness of earth.

"Hold out! There comes an end to sorrow;
Hope from the dust shall conquering rise;
The storm foretells a sunnier morrow;
The Cross points on to Paradise.
The Father reigneth; cease all doubt;
Hold, my heart, hold in, hold out!"

Shamokin, Pa.

IMITATION OF CHRIST

BY REV. W. H. GOTWALD, D. D., LL. D.

II

Contact with the world, as steel polishes steel, makes the Christian brighter and stronger. Christ and his Church are often misrepresented by those who claim to represent him, and the great injury done his cause by such persons is incalculable. Such persons are simply imitators of Christ.

Imitation is mechanical. The statue is an imitation. The sculptor may awaken our admiration of the soft and perfect lines he has chiseled and the sublimity of his work, but his statue is cold, motionless, unresponsive.

Imitation is automatic, the true counterpart of the original, but it is lifeless, all external.

Christ-likeness is not mere imitation. It is the life and spirit of Christ in the soul. Nicodemus was a faultless Pharisee and a prominent member of the Hebrew church; yet he was destitute of the power of divine life, and it was necessary for Jesus to say to him, "Ye must be born again." Like the rose, which copies none of its neighbors' fragrance nor variegated beauty, but gives forth its own, so the true, genuine Christian makes his life fragrant with acts and words born from the altar of his consecrated heart. His face and life shine not from reflected or borrowed light, but from the light and glory within him. As the seal makes its own impress upon the wax, so the Holy Ghost stamps upon our hearts the likeness of Christ and produces his character in our lives. In other words, the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of truth, produces its own holiness and truth. "We all, with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord, the Spirit."

It becomes us to put on the new man, and to measure up to our opportunities, to practice daily the maxims inculcated, and to put aside all anger, bitterness, clamor, deceit, evil-speaking, lust, lying, stealing, malice.

We are to be taught by Christ. Jeremy Taylor gives a beautiful illustration of how the Christian's life is made easy by following Christ. The Bohemians have a story that their great king, who was canonized as St. Wencelaus, had a servant named Redivivus, who, loving and admiring his master, desired to be like him in all things. One winter night the king set out for a distant church to pray. The king, desiring to keep his body in subjection, went bare-footed. The way led

over ice and through snow, and Redivivus, falling frequently, had great difficulty to keep up with the king. The king, noticing this, told his servant to follow in his footprints. The servant did this, being careful to step into the footprint made by the king, and he fell no more.

Christians of our day have the imperative command to follow Christ where he leads, and in doing so are always safe and successful. We are commanded "to put away lying." There are many ways of lying. Our very profession of Christianity, as well as its possession, should make us absolutely honest in thought and deed, and truthful. Deceitfulness and fraud are disgraceful and sinful. Some one writes about Ruskin, and says that he discovered an ancient inscription on the Church of St. Giacomo di Rialto at Venice which says: "Around this temple let the merchant's law be just, his weights be true, and his covenants faithful."

This is a summary of the principles controlling life that should emanate from every sanctuary, and elevate and purify every individual worshiper. The command stands unrepealed and unmodified: "Let him that stole, steal no more." In a certain penitentiary it was the custom to hold religious services each Sabbath afternoon, as is the custom in many penal institutions. The speaker on this occasion was a well-known merchant. His entire address was an arraignment of the awfulness of stealing. At the conclusion of his address he went among the convicts to speak to them individually. One of the convicts addressed this question to this gentleman: "Are you an honest man yourself—really honest at heart?" This man was highly indignant at the implication of this question, and replied: "I never stole a single thing in my whole life." The convict answered: "Do not be offended. I am asking for information. I want to know how it is with other men. Have you ever had an opportunity to get gain by unfair means?" After a moment's hesitation, the gentleman answered: "Yes, I have." "Tell me, then," asked the convict, "how did you feel about it? Did you not have, if not a strong impulse and inclination, at least a slight one, to get it?" After a period of silence, the gentleman made this reply: "Yes, I think I may have had, but I controlled it." The convict smiled, and said: "Perhaps you might not have done so if you had been brought up as we have been, and if you were starving. There is, you see, very little difference between us." The gentleman keenly felt the force of this statement, and in a spirit of humility made the answer: "No, the difference is not in ourselves, but in our circumstances, and in the grace of God."

We are commanded "to give to him that needeth." If all the unused and unneeded clothing and money were distributed, as they ought to be, among the needy, not an absolutely destitute, or hungry, or cold and shivering man, woman or child would be found among the suffering ones to-day. When will the Church hear and answer God's command, "Give to him that needeth"? Neglect to comply with this command is a sin of omission, and brings a terrible harvest of regret and retributive justice. Martin Luther was a poor man, but was asked to help a certain cause when he had no money at his command. Yet he would not refuse his help to a cause so just and appealing as this. He went to a drawer in which he kept some valuables and a greatly-prized medal of Joachim, the Elector of Brandenberg. He took it out and, looking at it, said: "What art thou doing here, Joachim? Dost thou not see how idle thou art? Come out, and make thyself useful." How many other drawers besides Luther's contain valuables which, if brought out and sent on a mission of relief and assistance, would prove to be benedictions and blessings!

A poor Irish woman went to a venerable priest in Boston and asked him to forward to Ireland her help for the famine sufferers. "How much can you spare?" asked the priest. "I have a hundred dollars saved, and I can spare that," she answered. The priest endeavored to convince her that that amount was too large for her in her own destitute condition to contribute. But she was firm in her determination to send that amount, saying: "It would do her good to know that she had helped, and she could rest easier and happier thinking of the poor families she had saved from hunger and death." The priest received her money with moistened eyes. "Now, what is your name?" he asked, "that I may have it published." "My name? You need not mind that, sir. Just send them the help and God will know my name."

We are commanded "to forgive one another, even as God hath forgiven you." This is the degree and measure of forgiveness which we must grant to all who may have wronged us. This forgiveness on our part must be genuine, hearty, full and free. No reservation nor modification dare exist in our forgiveness to others. There is no such a thing as conditional or contingent forgiveness on our part. The standard of forgiveness is laid down by God for us, and there is no revision of it nor any laxity in its exercise.

Louis XII of France had many enemies before he became a king. When once on the throne he had a list made of all the chief men of the kingdom, and opposite the name of each one of them who had done him a wrong he had a black cross marked. When this became known, it is said, the enemies of the king fled, feeling confident that the king intended to punish them for their enmity. Louis, hearing of their fears, invited them all to return, with the assurance that a pardon would be granted to each one, and said that he put a cross opposite their names to remind himself of the cross of Christ, through which he hoped for the forgiveness which he must extend to others.

God's people must realize, to accomplish the mission of life, that the labor of life is a labor of glory; that idle hearts darken the future; that as the keys of an instrument must be constantly played to be kept in tune, so our graces must be kept in constant exercise to be of service and help. Our mutual life is a unit, a single principle, yet is visible in a thousand shapes and colors; so the divine life, shining out through the individual Christian, manifests and conforms itself in the words and works of its millions of possessors.

What are we? Are we satellites shining with reflected glory, or are we suns, suns shining with the light which is within us? Are we bronze and marble, cold, speechless and lifeless, or are we like the violet and the oak, beautiful and useful?

Philadelphia, Pa.

—What this world needs to-day, on the part of all good people, is that they more closely and really copy the example of Christ. Let us do as did the man Simon of Cyrene, who, when Christ faltered and perchance fell beneath the burden of the cross he was bearing, took it upon his own strong shoulders and bore it to Calvary. What we need is more real fellowship in the sufferings of those who suffer; more kindness for the friendless; more patience with those who complain and fret at their unhappy surroundings; more of that good spirit of comradeship which will help us to weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice; more of that likeness to Christ which will enable us to put ourselves in the place of those who are crushed with heavy burdens, and share with them in the struggle which is not only desperate but lifelong; more of that way of living which will compel a gazing world to say: "See how these Christians love one another!" And, better still, "See how they love the suffering and unfortunate ones about them, whether or not they are Christians! See how they love humanity for Christ's sake and for humanity's sake!"—Ex.

THE ENGLISH TEXT OF THE APOSTLES' CREED

BY PROF. S. G. HEFELBOWER, PH. D., D. D.

I

The Holy Catholic Church

According to reports, the English text of the Apostles' Creed was discussed at the recent meeting of the General Synod. It was proposed to change the second portion of the third article so that it would read "the Holy Catholic Church," instead of "the Holy Christian Church," as at present. The reason for this is the fact that the former is right according to the ancient Latin and Greek texts, and the phrase now used is wrong. After some discussion, the suggested change was rejected.

Under present conditions, the synod probably chose the wiser course. For the word "catholic" popularly denotes the Roman Catholic Church, and to have put it into the English text of the Apostles' Creed would have been an offense to many, especially to those who have been brought up in German congregations, where "katolisch" refers to the Church of Rome. Personally, I would have welcomed the change, for it is theologically and historically correct to speak of one Holy Catholic Church.

A time will probably come when we can make this correction in the text of our most widely used creed without offending any; for English-speaking Protestants are being educated to the use of the word "catholic" in this article of the creed by the Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and others, who do not hesitate to use the words, "the Holy Catholic Church," when they confess their faith. But it might have done us more harm than good if the correction had been made now. A generation, or even half a generation, will effect a great change. Meanwhile, it is unfortunate that the mother church of Protestantism uses a false text of the Apostles' Creed in her English worship.

But this is not at all necessary. If we cannot say "Catholic" without offending the consciences of those who understand it to mean the Roman Catholic Church, instead of the Church Universal, we can say the same thing with another word. If I recall correctly the results of some work done about twenty years ago, the Lutheran Church of Germany had this same problem and found a solution for it. At the time of the Reformation, our churches determined upon a sort of an expurgated text of the Apostles' Creed, in which the term "christliche Kirche" was substituted for Catholic Church (ecclesiam catholicam). Later they added the word "allgemeine" (universal or general), so that they now have in many places "eine allgemeine Kirche," or "eine allgemeine christliche Kirche." The scholars of our Church in the Fatherland realized that they had a garbled translation, and they made a correction which approached the original sense.

There can be no question concerning the inaccuracy of our English text. And by using it we miss an important doctrine of the Apostles' Creed; we fail to confess our belief that one Church Universal exists, which is a wholesome truth to remember in the midst of our divisions.

But if we dare not say "Catholic," as do the Presbyterians, Methodists, and others, let us take some other word that comes as near as possible to the original; let us take the Latin derivative, even if it is somewhat awkward, and say "a Holy Universal Church." No person could reasonably be offended, unless on æsthetic grounds, and it would be pretty close to the original.

However, McGiffert tells us that when the phrase "Holy Catholic Church" was introduced into the creedal forms of the Western Church, which were associated with the Bishopric of Rome (for the Apostles' Creed was chiefly a Roman product), it had already acquired the exclusive meaning, as over against the comprehensive sense, and that the popular belief that it signifies the Universal Church is wrong. This may be; McGiffert is a careful scholar; but we would like to see the proofs.

The earliest Western form that has "the Holy Catholic Church" seems to be the Dacian Latin text of about the year 400. But in the East it was used at Jerusalem at least half a century earlier: we find it in the Catechetical Lectures of Cyril. It is also found in the Apostolic Constitutions of Antioch, which are of approximately the same date. It is not likely that the phrase "the Holy Catholic Church," in the creeds of the East in 350 or earlier, had the exclusive sense that McGiffert claims it had when incorporated into the Apostles' Creed in the West, about half a century later. About the time it appeared first in the Western texts, Augustine wrote a friend: "In Greek, that is called Catholic which is spread through all the world." But we have here a problem for specialists.

But be that as it may, the doctrine that all believers form one body in Christ is well grounded in Scripture. Even if the Western Church understood the word "Catholic" in the exclusive and not in the comprehensive sense, when it was introduced into the creed, it does not prevent us from using the term in the Eastern sense of the Church Universal, which is scriptural.

At any rate, we should not let Rome appropriate for her own exclusive use a term to which she is not entitled—a term which sets forth an important Christian doctrine, and which comes to us with hoary and honorable tradition behind it, enshrined in that symbol which to the Christian Church stands next to the inspired creed of Peter, which flesh and blood did not reveal.

Topeka, Kans.

THE LATE GENERAL SYNOD AND SOUTH AMERICAN INTERESTS

BY S. D. DAUGHERTY, D. D.

Important acts of the late General Synod have been emphasized by a number of writers for our church papers; but in so far as movements for the extension of the Kingdom of our Lord are concerned no act of this 47th Convention was so significant, nor more important, than that which expressed the attitude of the General Synod towards the South American problem.

The approval of the action of the Board of Foreign Missions in taking up the work of our church in British Guiana, which hitherto belonged to our East Pennsylvania Synod, has again opened the door to the great Southland; and has put us in line again, and that aggressively, with the missionary forces of the other Christian denominations of North America. This action will also give us a standing with the Christian forces that are now preparing for the Panama Convention to be held next February; when the conditions, needs, and opportunities in the great Southland for evangelical Christian service will be considered as never before.

Again, this action of our General Synod will set us right with the commission of our Lord to disciple the nations in the neglected Continent to our south, which by the European war have been thrown into our very bosom, commercially, financially, industrially, educationally and most surely religiously. The 500,000 Germans in Latin America, the thousands of Scandinavians and Americans there, to say nothing of the millions of natives, are now as never in the past dependent upon the Christian church of North America for the evangelical truth.

This action will also go far to set us right with our

dear people in Argentina, and especially with the Scandinavian people who put their trust in us, as Rev. Andrasen the missionary at Tandiel, Argentina, said: "You are the answer to my prayers for years that God would send some one from the Homeland or from North America to help me in this great work"; or as one of the Elders in our Trinity church, Caseros, recently wrote: "Conditions are dreadful here: for God's sake send us a pastor soon."

But the action of the General Synod endorsing the recommendation of the Board of Foreign Missions that they be empowered to make overtures to other Lutheran bodies for united effort in mission work in South America is worthy of special note and comment. The writer has been advocating this idea ever since his return from South America. 1. Because the Lutheran Church has the greatest opportunity of any denomination to do the needed work in that land, and can do it quicker, better and more economically unitedly. Practically speaking, the Lutheran peoples (German and Scandinavian) now in South America are the only sources from which a native ministry can be had. True to their colonizing characteristics they have become part of the citizenship, as no other nation, in the land in which they live. They have acquired the language and can use it fluently. They have intermarried with the people of the land of their adoption and have thereby become influential in society, in educational interests and in the affairs of government. They still have blood such as is not found among the Latins. Other Protestants are now realizing that if they would secure a native ministry, quickly, it must come largely from these sources.

2. As in India this will be a great agency in the way of uniting our Lutheran forces in the great work of evangelization not only in other lands, but at home.

A united Lutheran church for the evangelization of South America has been the subject of prayer, correspondence and conference for years on the part of some; and this action by our General Synod, we believe is God's leading that the Lutheran church may fulfill her mission and do it most effectively, as well as efficiently, and economically.

Philadelphia, Pa.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK

A little over a year ago I met a friend on the street who offered to pay my fare if I would attend the Peace Conference in Konstanz. I went, and had the time of my life. Only, instead of peace, I saw the first lines of opposing armies and heard the first rumblings of a conflict that has shaken the world. A short time ago I met another friend, who offered to pay my fare if I would attend the Lord's Day Congress in California. Of course, I accepted, and I am now packing my trunk for the journey. If on my return another friend should offer me the fare for a trip around the world on condition that I would write an occasional letter to the OBSERVER, I am prepared to consider the offer. (Please address all offers to "Germanicus," in care of the OBSERVER.)

The Gary system of public-school instruction has been partially introduced into New York. It meets with favor and it is not unlikely that it will be extended. Religious leaders are availing themselves of it and have organized for the purpose of securing the long-hoped-for opportunity of giving adequate week-day instruction in religion in their own churches to the children of the public schools. It looks as if this difficult problem were about to be solved.

I hear occasionally from the friends who I met last summer in Germany. It would be too long a story to tell. The spirit of the people may be judged of by the following remark in one of the letters: "What a pity that you could not have remained to witness this great uprising of the German people!" In the trenches comparatively few soldiers are required for defence. Hence, in Belgium the rest of the soldiers were put to work cultivating the fields, and now they are about reaping a most bountiful harvest. In France the cousin of a friend of mine saw large fields of sugar beets going to waste. He spoke to the commanding general about it, and a hundred competent men were placed under his command, a sugar refinery was built, and every beet in the field was turned into sugar. Then they sent to Germany for herds of swine, and the surplus molasses was turned into ham and bacon—sugar-cured, I suppose.

I get three church papers from Berlin every week. The spirit of these papers is of devout solemnity. They are tremendously angry with the British, but I cannot find a trace of hatred such as is frequently charged upon the Teutons. It would seem almost a pity to crush such an industrious and inventive people. But they themselves display little or no anxiety on the subject.

But I must stop and get ready to "see America first." GERMANICUS.

July 19, 1915.

HOLDING TO A COURSE

When once we have decided to do a certain thing at a certain time, that thing ought to be done at that time—unless this would be positively wrong—simply because we decided that we would do it then. For any decision made, or intention formed, is a promise of the will; and the turning from that decision or intention, unless such change is a plain duty, means a broken and weakened will. This is as true of the ordinary routine duties of daily life in the home or the office as of decisions in matters of moral right and wrong.

And it is just as true that people who make no decisions, no promises, lose such will power as they have and drift more and more helplessly on life's stream. The great trouble with many people is that they can make no reasonable program for their days and weeks and years because they have no reasonable object in life more than to satisfy the cravings of their animal instincts, ignoring almost altogether the higher possibilities and satisfaction of their intellectual and spiritual capacities and unselfish devotion—the words mean much—to some good cause is one of the greatest blessings that can enrich anyone. Then life means something and becomes worth the living. —Selected.

—God forbid that I should not give full weight to all other methods for the partial reformation and the bettering of humanity. I would wish them all God-speed. But brethren, there is nothing else that will deal with my sins in its relation to God, or in its relation to my character, or in its relation to my future, except the message of the Gospel. There are plenty of other things, very helpful and very good in their places, but I do want to say in one word, that there is nothing else that goes deep enough. Education? Yes, it will do a great deal, but it will do nothing in regard to sin. It will alter the type of the disease, because the cultured man's transgressions will be very different from those of the illiterate poor. But wise or foolish, professor, student, thinker or savage with narrow forehead and all but dead brain, are alike in this, that they are sinners in God's sight. I would that I could get through the fence that some of you have reared round you, on the ground of your superior enlightenment and education and refinement, and make you feel that there is something deeper than all that, and that you may be a very clever and a very well-educated, a very highly-cultured, an extremely thoughtful and philosophical sinner, but you are a sinner all the same. —Alexander Maclaren.

A WOMAN'S LETTER FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Babies

Last year 1,730 babies were born in Washington—715 babies under one year of age died; at that rate it is more dangerous to be a baby in Washington than a soldier in the European war.

At our Child's Welfare Station at the Gospel Mission we have lost but two babies since May 1, which shows what care and instruction can do even in the congested district of the city. Our Doctor says:: "No other one thing a mother can do for her baby means more to him than to feed him at her own breast. Babies who are fed entirely at the breast usually do not have diarrhea, unless overfed, but bottle-fed babies are very likely to have this trouble, even if their milk is carefully prepared. This is true at all seasons of the year, but it is especially important in summer, when the heat and flies make bottle feeding so dangerous. A mother can usually nurse her baby if she has been properly cared for before the baby's birth and at the time of birth, and no mother who wants to give her baby a good start will consent to deprive him of breast milk, at least during the first few months of life. After the mother's milk comes—usually on the third day—the baby may be nursed every three hours, at 6 and 9 a. m., at 12 noon, and at 3, 6 and 9 p. m., with one feeding during the night. On the four-hour plan the nursing will come at 6 and 10 a. m. and 2, 6, and 10 p. m. In the intervals she should give him a little water which has first been boiled and cooled. When the baby is four months old he should no longer be nursed at night, and at six months the mother should begin to lengthen the time between feedings a quarter of an hour each week until the length of time between nursings is four hours. If the milk is plentiful, the breasts should be nursed alternately, but it may be necessary to give both breasts at one feeding in order to satisfy the baby. The baby requires no other food save breast milk and drinking water until he is eight or nine months old."

In these days when men are being killed off we must give special care to the rearing of children. You would enjoy seeing how our foreign mothers rejoice that they are not in Europe to-day. But we need prohibition to give even our foreign children a better inheritance. I shall need all of $200 to help this station doing good work from July 15th to September 15th, when our paying patrons return.

The Indian

Although the Bureau of the Census, in a report made public July 1 sees a tendency of the full-blooded Indian to disappear altogether, the figures which the report contains show that as a matter of fact the number of Indians, full-blooded and mixed, is increasing. It will be many a long year before poor Lo is extinct at the rate the census figures give as to change in population, and a good many generations before he is a relic of the past, like the buffalo he used to hunt. For a race which has so long been depicted as journeying toward the setting sun with all hope lost the red man may fairly be said to be doing quite well.

The figures show that the Indian population of the United States, exclusive of Alaska and insular possessions, in 1910 was 265,683, representing an increase of 17,430, or 7 per cent, over the number reported in 1890, when the Census Bureau made its first enumeration of the Indians. Thus at the last census the only Americans whose native ancestry extends further back than a century or two—or three at the utmost—constituted less than three-tenths of 1 per cent of the entire population.

Illiteracy on Decrease

The data show a much lower rate of growth for the Indian population than for the white; an increasing admixture of white blood; decreasing vitality of full-blooded Indians, which the Bureau says indicates a tendency to disappear altogether; increasing attendance at school and decreasing illiteracy; an increase in the percentage of the self-supporting, and decrease in the number of reservation Indians. In the sense that the Indian seems to be undergoing a process of gradual absorption into the white race, the red man, as shown by these figures, is disappearing. In the sense that the total of Indians, full-blood and mixed, shows an increased population since 1890, the disappearance theory is lacking foundation. Of the total Indian population, 74,825, or 28 per cent, are in one State, Oklahoma, and 160,107, or 60 per cent, in five States, Oklahoma, Arizona, New Mexico, South Dakota and California.

The Indian tribes are 280, comprising 52 linguistic stocks. The most important tribes numerically are the Cherokee, Navajo, Chippewa, Choctaw and the Teton Sioux. These tribes are the only ones represented by more than 1,000 members each; forty-four tribes had more than 1,000 members each. As compared with whites and colored in the United States, Indians marry somewhat earlier in life. This tendency toward earlier marriage is due, in part at least, to the fact that the male reservation Indian is as assured of a livelihood at the age of 15 as he is later in life. Polygamy exists to a slight extent. Out of 494 Indian males living in polygamy in 1910, 327 were Navajos. Of the total Indian population, 150,-053, or 56.5 per cent, were reported as full bloods and 93,423, or 35.2 per cent as mixed bloods. For the remainder, no information on this point was given, but it is probable the majority were mixed. Of the mixed bloods, over 94 per cent represented a mixture of white and Indian blood.

An interesting and significant fact is that children born of mixed marriages are more numerous and more likely to survive than those born of marriages between full-blooded Indians. The greater the amount of white blood represented in any class of marriages the greater the proportion of surviving children. The bureau concludes that the data on fecundity and vitality point toward one conclusion, "and that is that the increase of the mixed blood Indians is much greater than that of the full-blood Indians, and that unless the tendencies now at work undergo a decided change the full bloods are destined to form a decreasing proportion of the total Indian population and ultimately to disappear altogether."

Venice

A bulletin just issued by The National Geographic Society says:

"Before the Campanile we realize for the first time the widespread power of Venice, that fairy city which sprang not from the earth, but the sea; still touched with the glamour of the east, and yet mistress of all western culture—so rich in arts and arms, in loves and hatreds! Venice is a sphinx whose enigma we never wholly penetrate. In vain we strive to find an image that shall express her mysterious essence. The unique brooks no comparison.

"As in the old times, even so to-day, the center of life and movement is the piazza of St. Mark's, although it offers but a pale shadow of the life of former days. Here on sunny mornings all the foreigners assemble; here lounge the ciceroni, and on the neighboring piazetta the gondoliers. Itinerant venders of all kinds push their way among the chairs that are set out in front of the cafes under the open arcade.

"But the most brilliant spectacle is at night, when hundreds of gas jets are alight in the huge bronze can-

delabra, when the gold sparkles in the jewelers' windows and the sound of gay music is borne across the piazza. Then the crowd gathers from all sides. Here come the nobili with their wives. The gondolas throng to the piazetta and the merceria seems far too narrow for the press of people.

"The noise and the passion which runs through the publicity of Italian life continue deep into the night; then last hasty words are spoken, yet one more stolen glance is shot from beautiful eyes, and the happy individual for whom it is intended understands the farewell. Around the steps of the piazzeta—all of white marble, so that you cannot miss them, even at night—the gondolas gather again and then separate on their different ways through the dark and dead-silent canals.

"St. Mark's stands alone among all the temples of the world. Although age and the moist sea air have spread their veil over these walls, yet the brilliant coloring and the mighty outlines shine through all the gray dimness of the past. The bronze horses above the great door are rearing; the cupolas and arches stretch their great curves in intensity of power; each portion of the great building seems alive and animated; yet in the whole reigns the profound and noble peace proper to the house of God.

Church Now 800 Years Old

"It is now exactly 800 years ago since the building of St. Mark's was completed; its ecclesiastical sanctity is bestowed on it by the relics of the great evangelist; its historical sanctity consists in its intimate connection with the fortunes of the city and of her rulers. It was the theater of their triumphs and the refuge for their cares; all that she has achieved and suffered Venice has done under the protecting wing of St. Mark's.

"The Church of St. Mark contains trophies from all parts of the world; every stone has a history. Those two great pillars at the entrance to the baptistry were part of the booty of Acre. The bronze folding doors were once in the Church of St. Sophia at Stamboul. The marble columns, which stand right and left of the main portal, are said to have been taken from the temple in Jerusalem. The famous group of four horses, which stands above the main portal, is of the antique Roman period, and was for a long time in Byzantium, the capital of the Empire of the West.

"What St. Mark's is as the expression of the religious spirit, that the ducal palace is for the secular power of Venice; it has scarcely a rival, even in Italy. The Doge's Palace, as it now stands before us, was begun in the fourteenth century and completed in the fifteenth after a long interruption. Here every line is classic. The very position of the palace, its relation to the Church of St. Mark, its two fronts—one commanding the piazetta and the other the sea—declare the inner significance of the building; it is the foundation, the very corner stone of all Venetian splendors.

"But yet a little shadow rests on these splendors. A slight shudder mars the enchantment, for the hands of Venice are stained with blood—much noble blood sacrificed to unworthy passions. There is the Bocca di Leone, into which envy threw its secret accusations. Here sat the council of ten, Consiglio de' Dieci. That was a word of terror to all citizens of Venice. In this tribunal she had a power which could only be compared with that of Robespierre or the bloodthirsty Marat.

"The complete truth about Venice cannot be learned in the lofty ducal palace, where the ceilings are full of gold and where art, free and untrammeled, created her masterpieces. We must go down even as far as the Pozzi, into the dungeons below the level of the water, or we must mount into the hot leaden cells (the Piombi); then we begin to conceive what was the secret canker gnawing at the root of all this beauty; then we feel with unspeakable horror what is the shadow on the conscience of the proud queen of the Adriatic."

The church of St. Mark's in Venice always impresses me as a den of thieves. It has robbed more churches anad shrines than any other building or city in the world.

Italy is the art treasury of the world, and for that reason should have kept out of the war. I think it is plain that God is done with cathedrals; even the temple was not permitted to stand when it ceased to be used for the genuine worship of God.

Solomon

How we are enjoying the study of the man to whom God granted every wish and whim of his heart, and in spite of all Solomon made a worse failure in some respects than Saul morally. We all need discipline, both individuals and nations. God gave Israel the care of the spiritual truth of the world. The Gentile world developed the intellects of mankind till they were ready to receive the truth as manifested in Christ Jesus. I heard Chas. Cuthbert Hall, after he returned from that lecture course which Shailer Mathews had just completed of lecturing to the university men of the Orient, say: "I have lectured to the most learned people of the world; I have lectured to the Hottentots of Africa, and each person who understood recognized Christ as kin to him."

Oh that universal, uncompromising Christ, what a support, what a solace that Christ is in this world so full of cares anad anxieties!

The Gospel Mission

Any letter to my home address will always reach me. I go now first to Chautauqua, N. Y., then for the Workers' Conference to East Northfield, Mass. I leave my share of the work of the mission in competent hands. All of $300 in bills payable were laid before me yesterday, but God will put it into the hands of his people to send in what is needed. My $1.00 a month brigade paid in $62 this month, which has helped me very much.

My Bible Class before adjourning put up the money for the poor family till September 5th, when we convene again. I hope every family is putting up fruit for my work, or for similar work wherever an Inner Mission work is opened. Take hold right there. You remember, in the Mexican war, a soldier was stunned, fell out of rank and afterward recovered; he called out to old Zach. Taylor: "Where shall I fight?" "Hell, man, fall in anywhere; there is good fighting all along the line." Well, there is hell and its powers to fight everywhere; let us get into it, and be in at Christ's great victory.

I am not going away for health, for I am well, but for learning, for a greater spiritual blessing and for inspiration.

Mrs. H. E. Monroe,
204 A St., S. E.,
Washington, D. C.

July 14, 1915.

—In one of George Macdonald's books occurs this fragment of conversation: "I wonder why God made me," said Mrs. Faber, bitterly. "I'm sure I don't know what was the use of making me." "Perhaps not much yet," replied Dorothy; "but then he hasn't done with you yet. He is making you now, and you don't like it." It would give us more patience with ourselves if we always remembered this. We would not get so discouraged with our infirmities, imperfections, and failures if we always kept in mind the fact that we are not yet made, that we are only in process of being made, that God is not yet through making us. It would often help us to understand better the reasons for the hard or painful experiences that come to us. God is at work on us, making us. If we yield ourselves to his hand in quietness and confidence, letting him do what he will with us, all will be well.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

CHINA INLAND MISSION

Its Fifty Years of History Strikingly Illustrative of the Power of Faith and Prayer

BY REV. G. S. DIVEN

One of the world's largest and most successful missionary organizations had its beginning just fifty years ago, when on Sunday morning, June 25, 1865, Rev. J. Hudson Taylor besought the Lord at Brighton Beach that for the work in China to which a godly father and mother had dedicated him, even before his birth, twenty-four willing and skilful missionaries might be raised up to spread the gospel propaganda in the very heart of heathendom's densest and most appalling need.

The son of a Methodist local preacher, as a young man already (this is related by him in his interesting booklet entitled "China Inland Mission"), God had called Taylor distinctly to a partnership with himself in evangelizing the Chinese. God had said to him, "My child, I am going to evangelize inland China, and if you would like to walk with me, I will do it through you."

Taylor was now trying to confirm the reality of his faith, "For," said he, "when I am once actually in China, I shall have to depend entirely on God. It is important that I should learn to move men through God by prayer alone before I leave England at all."

For a long time the burden of China's unsaved millions rested on Taylor. Now it was the burden of being able to trust God alone for the proper inaugurating of so stupendous an undertaking as the systematic effort to reach these multitudes with the gospel of God's saving grace in Christ. That bright June morning on the beach of England's famous summer resort the battle was fought out and won, for, being able then and there fully and restfully to trust the Lord, and leave the burden wholly with him, the clouds at once lifted, and soon the quota of earnest workers was forthcoming.

All the provinces of a hitherto closed land were now open and had been definitely entered, when the funds for the continued prosecution of the work ran low and the force of workers on the field became inadequate. In 1881, at Che Fu, Taylor met the missionaries on the field, to pray once more. The answer from God seemed to come in the suggestion: "You have prayed for definite doors to open; why not now pray definitely for workers to enter them?"

With paper and pencil in hand, the missionaries figured that seventy new workers would be necessary properly to care for the needs in the eleven inland provinces, and to pray as they ought these must be asked for. They also prayed for "large reinforcements for all the evangelical societies." As they could not care for so many at one time, they asked that they be sent during 1882, 1883 and 1884, also that some of God's rich stewards might be led to make "large room for blessing for themselves" by contributing liberally to this special object, so their clerical force might not be too greatly taxed in acknowledging the money receipts!

Some one casually remarked: "How grand it would be if all present could assemble again in three years in a joyful praise-meeting over the great accomplishment!" Another replied: "Why not hold that meeting right now while we are all together?" This was done—and those assembled rejoiced in *advance* over what faith had thus already accepted from God.

Will impertinent unbelief fain seek curiously to know how it all issued at last? There is the record! Before the time was up, seventy-six workers had been called and equipped, and the Burger family alone had given $15,000 to carry on the work, which was thereby at a stroke nearly doubled in efficiency.

At Nanking, in 1887, Mr. Taylor again met his missionaries, asking them to pray this time for one hundred new workers and for $50,000, if possible in large sums. Answer: One hundred new workers in one year and $55,000 in sums ranging from $2,500 to $12,500.

Dying at sixty-three years of age, Taylor saw hundreds of missionaries and uncounted thousands of converts from Chinese heathenism as the result of his life of consecrated prayer and faith.

Nothing but prayer had ever been employed to secure the men and the means to continue the work. At times the needs, indeed, were presented by Taylor and others in missionary gatherings, but no collection was ever accepted in any of these meetings, lest the principle of faith in God alone as their entire dependence might seem to be impugned or lost sight of thereby.

"China's Millions" is the monthly publication of their organization, giving news from over the great field cared for in their missionary operations, and all receipts of money for their work are printed therein. But never in a single instance, we believe, has an appeal gone forth in it for aid, however pressing the need might be for funds at any given time.

If, like George Müller, the indefatigable and faith-famous German of Bristol orphanage distinction, men would "ring the prayer-bell rather than the beggar's-bell," might not much greater things be witnessed to-day on the part of our multiplied church boards and mission interests? Surely, "God's hand is not shortened that it cannot save" us and his own cause financially—if we can have but grace enough to look directly to him rather than emphasizing all sorts of human instrumentalities, however seemingly efficient and well-adapted the lower means may be to accomplish the end in view. That the real prayer of faith is the mightiest force in God's world to-day, who can doubt?

On the tomb of Hudson Taylor has been carved the epitaph: "He prayed mission stations into being and missionaries into faith. He prayed open the hearts of the rich, and gold from the most distant lands." 'Tis said, Mr. Taylor would often rise in the night while others slept, to commune with his God. Often he could be heard saying no audible words. He was at such times simply as a little child waiting upon his heavenly Father to hear what he might have to say to him. God's "whisper of silence," the "still small voice" of God's Spirit, meant supremely much to one consecrated soul, at least.

"A man of great faith!" I seem to hear some one say. Like the celebrated Scottish saint, one might conceive Taylor as replying, "No, I am a person of little faith, but I have a *great God*."

Mr. Taylor himself declared that his own faith was intermittent, and often faint and feeble. So unreliable, indeed, was it that he was in the habit of substituting for his own weak faith the faith of *God himself*, in the assured knowledge that he always remained "faithful who had promised." Was it not the great Paul who on one occasion remarked that he himself lived not so much by the strength of his own faith as by the mightier faith of "the Christ, who loved him and gave himself for him"?

Hudson Taylor's habit was to dwell much on Christ and Christ's power to take care of his own, and then without personal anxiety leave to Christ himself the doing of his own mighty works afresh in the opening of the hearts and purses of his followers to contribute what was indispensably necessary for the carrying on of his work among men. The contagion of Christ himself visible in the one who trusted him without stint proved always enough to produce what was needed, and all that was needed, for the proper conduct of the work.

The North American Council for the China Inland

Mission, the Rev. Henry W. Frost, director, has its headquarters at present in Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., where contributions of voluntary sums for the prosecution of its work may be sent. "China's Millions" is credited for a year to every contributor of fifty cents or over for the benefit of the cause. I need scarcely add that this statement is made wholly without solicitation or knowledge thereof on the part of the mission itself or any of its responsible officers.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

MEETING OF THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE HELD AT ATLANTIC CITY

BY ALLAN SUTHERLAND

"There is but one thing in America worse than the liquor traffic, and that is the public sentiment that tolerates it."—A. C. Bane.

Anti-Saloon Platform

Removal of District of Columbia excise commissioners.

Modification of civil service laws to permit government employees to take part in local option and prohibition campaigns.

Bar intoxicating beverages from inter-state commerce.

Bar newspapers and periodicals containing liquor advertisements from the mails.

Prohibition for the District of Columbia, Hawaii, Alaska, Porto Rico and the Philippines by congressional enactment.

Submission of national prohibition amendment to the people.

The sixteenth national convention of the Anti-Saloon League of America, which was held in Atlantic City, N. J., July 6th to 9th, was a gratifying success, and its far-reaching influence will greatly add to the attainment of the object for which the league is so earnestly striving—namely, nation-wide prohibition.

Delegates were present from many sections of the country, and speakers whose names are household words delivered able and eloquent addresses. These addresses were given with a conviction which profoundly impressed all who heard them that the time is rapidly approaching when the baneful influence of the liquor traffic will be unknown in our land and all who live within our far-flung boundaries will be free from this dreadful curse. Speakers have seldom had the privilege of delivering more ennobling and optimistic sentiments to more receptive and enthusiastic audiences. Every utterance prophetic of the downfall of liquor and of the coming of universal prohibition was greeted with enthusiastic applause. Almost every man left the meetings with the feeling that national prohibition is an assured blessing, and with the determination that he would do his part in hastening the day of its coming.

"The message of this convention," said Rev. Dr. Purley A. Baker, general superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, on the closing night of the convention, is: Press the battle against the liquor traffic in every town, township, county and state in the nation; against every candidate for Congress and the United States Senate who is not in favor of the submission of a joint resolution for national constitutional prohibition, and against any candidate for the presidency who, by sympathy or conduct, past or present, is known to be friendly to the traffic.

"The submission of a constitutional amendment by Congress is a ministerial act," Dr. Baker continued, "and the member of Congress or the United States Senate who is not willing to trust the people of his state to pass upon this question is not worthy of the confidence of the people of his state. The time is ripe to close in upon this monstrous traffic from every quarter of the republic, and politicians and public officials who persist in casting their lot with it must not complain when compelled to share its fate at the hands of an outraged public sentiment."

The declaration that the league stood for equal suffrage and universal prohibition was received with enthusiastic applause.

Governor George A. Carlson, of Colorado, said: Take from the politics of our states and nation the insidious influences of the liquor interests, and nation-wide equal suffrage would prevail within a year's time. The mother who sees her family and home disintegrating, who because of the saloon or wine-room helplessly watches her boy or girl, in whom is wrapped all her hopes and ideals, on the road straight to the penitentiary or the house of ill-fame, does not forget on election day. All mothers know the danger, and to the delegates of those states where the women are not yet enfranchised, I would say: Give them the vote at your next election and liberate the greatest single agency for the success of national prohibition. Let others tell you that the mothers of your children will prove incapable, or become coarse, cold or neglectful in the home if given the ballot; those who for nearly a quarter of a century have actually observed the enfranchised woman at work, know that she can sense the enemy of the home more quickly and will fight him with more telling effect than the husband, and while preserving all her natural feminine charm and sweetness, she will become more devoted to the man who has allowed her ampler means and fuller power for protection of their common fireside. The State, in safeguarding and preserving the health and morals of the young, is but doing a mother's work. We need the blending of the mother heart and the masculine judgment and will to sustain and guard our homes. It is my hope that the delegates here assembled will go back to their homes filled with added zeal and increased energy for the grandest cause that ever enlisted human support, and that the fight be carried on without quarter until all of these United States are made dry."

Dr. Homer W. Tope said: "We have it on the authority of the Liquor Dealers' Association that if the churches were fully aroused and actively engaged in this warfare, as she is able with all her membership to wage it, she could hang up on every saloon door in this country in the next five years the sign, "To let," and on every bar in the United States in the same period, "For sale, as junk, for lack of further use."

In his able address, Dr. A. C. Bane said: "Alcoholic liquor is recognized by all nations as the greatest curse in civilization. No good word can be said for it; it is degenerating, debasing, debauching and destroying the race. The liquor traffic creates drunkards, criminals, paupers, profligates, the insane, mental imbeciles, and orphan children; it destroys character, happiness, efficiency, health, and life; it debauches individuals, business, legislatures, executives, and courts. There is but one thing in America worse than the liquor traffic, and that is the public sentiment that tolerates it."

Philadelphia, Pa.

—The outer life of activity never rises above the inner life of communion with God. No one ever becomes a better Christian than he is in his prayer life. Zeal, activity, benevolence, never make a man better than when he is alone with God. Whatever a man is in secret will manifest itself in his outward conduct. The value of spiritual communion with God is evident from this factor. Just as the water in the boiler and in the gauge always stands at the same level, so the life of action corresponds with the life of communion with God.—Christian Observer.

Our Young Lutherans

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON

Third Quarter: Lesson V. August 1, 1915

The Queen of Sheba Visits Solomon

Golden Text: "Wisdom is better than rubies." Prov. viii. 11

Lesson Text: 1 Kings x. 1–10

COMMENTS BY R. W. HUFFORD, D. D.

I. The Country of Sheba

Just where that country was and how large it was and what its condition was, three thousand years ago, is uncertain.

The books agree that it lay along the eastern coast of the Red Sea, in what we now know as Arabia.

The Red Sea is about fourteen hundred miles long, and Arabia is a vast region, largely desert, about five times as large as our great state of Texas. How much of this region the queen of Sheba ruled over, we do not know. We know more about her, than we do about her country, and for the lesson in view, it is important that we should.

The boundaries of ancient Sheba have long since been obliterated and are forgotten, but the woman, "the queen of the south," as the Savior called her, has a more enduring memorial. (Matt. xii. 42). Thus it often is. The record of a good, wise act outlasts mighty kingdoms and empires.

II. The Queen's Journey

It was a long journey the queen and her company made, 1500 miles or more, again the books tell us. It was about half the distance that our Liberty Bell has just passed over, from the Quaker city to the Golden Gate.

And the queen's "very great train" was very different from that which took the Liberty Bell on its journey.

She had "camels that bare spices, and very much gold and precious stones." And doubtless she had horses, and fines ones too, as that region has long been known for the finest horses in the world. And being queen, she could choose from day to day whether her mount should be a camel or a horse. Most of us would prefer the latter, not having had much to do with camels; or if the distance were great, a railway train would be preferred, with dining-car and Pullman attached. Times have changed and we live far away from ancient Sheba. The queen's journey to Jerusalem and home again, and her tarrying in Israel's capital, must have taken many months.

The object the queen had in view, though the journey was long and sometimes wearisome, made it worth while.

III. The Queen's Quest

She was inspired with a high and worthy purpose, she was seeking knowledge and wisdom. She was evidently of an inquiring mind, ambitious to know more than she did, and to improve the condition of affairs in her own country. She might have been content to let matters remain as they were. Many a king or queen would have done so. Or she might have sent some of her men of state to see, and study, and report. This last would have been good, but the queen had heard, and she wished to see for herself.

"She had heard of the fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord," that is, she had heard of Solomon's zeal in building the temple of the Lord, and the prosperity that God had given him. A visitor at Jerusalem at the time of the temple's dedication would be impressed by the vast wealth expended in its building and furnishing, and also by the thousands of sacrifices offered at that great and solemn service. But probably, most of all, the thoughtful visitor would be impressed by the part the king had taken himself. Far more than any one else, it was Solomon the king of Israel, who watched over the building of the temple and who dedicated it to the Lord. Not many men in any age, and fewer kings, could have spoken the words, and ordered a service so well suited for the time. Somehow the report of all this had reached the queen in her distant country.

"And she came to prove the king with hard questions."

And Solomon told (answered) her all her questions, there was not anything hid from the king that he told her not."

We wish we had those questions and answers. We might not find them difficult now. Many things have been made plain in the later ages that were not understood by Solomon or any one else in his time. Other things are still shrouded in mystery, and will continue to be so, while this present life shall last. The young queen deserves credit (we think she was young) in her pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. We are never too old to learn, but we do not always retain the desire and ambition to learn.

"And she said to the king, It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thine acts and of thy wisdom."

"Howbeit, I believed not the words, until I came and mine eyes had seen it; and behold, the half was not told me."

Solomon was an organizer and builder. He had large revenues and did not hesitate to spend them. The noble buildings erected in his reign, and the other public improvements he made, pools to supply Jerusalem with water, and walls and towers to defend the city, surpassed any thing the visiting queen had ever beheld. No doubt her own country, and its cities, if it had any, seemed very poor compared with Israel; her people undeveloped, and herself very inferior to Solomon the magnificent. We are inclined to think that her rating of herself was too low and of Israel's king too high.

"Blessed be the Lord thy God, who delighted in thee, to set thee on the throne of Israel: because the Lord loved Israel, therefore he made thee king to do judgment and justice."

The queen's unstinted praise and pious, hopeful judgment, should have meant much to Solomon. His prayerful purpose should have been to measure up to her splendid ideal.

The exchange of gifts, according to oriental custom, followed, gold and spices and precious stones were the queen's gift. Solomon gave from his "royal bounty and whatsoever his visitor desired."

"So she turned and went to her own country, she and her servants."

Reading, Pa.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRAYER-MEETING

Bible Study

Topic for August 1, 1915. Little Every-day Kindnesses. Eph. iv. 25–32. (Consecration Meeting)

BY REV. J. B. GUINEY

I. Kindness in trouble and sickness. Job xxx. 25; Ps. xxxv. 13; Phil. ii. 25, 26.

II. God does not forget one kindness shown to saints. Heb. vi. 10; Phil. i. 5.

III. Examples of kindness. Gen. xiv. 14-16; Gen. xlv. 1-5; 2 Sam. xii. 17-19; Acts xvi. 33, 34.

IV. A widow's reward. 1 Kings xvii. 8-16.

V. Lowly service. Matt. x. 40-42; Ruth ii. 10; Ex. xviii. 24.

VI. Jesus our example. John xiii. 1-15; with Luke x. 30-37.

VII. Condemnation of those who showed kindness. Col. i. 4, 8; 1 Thess. iii. 6; Philm. 5, 7.

VIII. Good rules for kindness and the dispenser. 1 Pet. iii. 8-13; Prov. xv. 1-4.

Montoursville, Pa.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS

Seed Thoughts

Sunday, August 1. Topic—Little Every-day Kindnesses. Eph. iv. 25–32. (Consecration Meeting)

BY REV. P. A. HEILMAN, D. D.

This is one of the most practical subjects we have ever had, and ought to make this consecration meeting a most blessed one. So many suggestions have come to me in studying this lesson and Scripture text, that I can only name them, without extensive comment. This is to be only a nest of "Seed Thoughts." Let each one fit them to his own life. Of course, no Christian will ever be guilty of falsehood. "Is a lie ever justifiable?" That old question must be tested by the Word of God, which says, "Lie not one to another." Col. iii. 9.

Wrong to be angry? Paul says not. Though it is a very dangerous condition to be in. The doorway to sin opens hard by. If we can be angry and sin not, it may be justifiable. Read Col. iii. 8, then finish the second verse of our lesson. When the day dies, and we kneel to say our evening prayer, we must put off all anger.

A place for the devil. Certainly not in the human heart. Satan can only come into our hearts by our permission. He may often knock at the door (in temptation which is not sin), but we know his knock.

Clean speech. No filthy stories or vile words ought ever proceed out of our mouths. They are evil seeds that produce tares in other hearts as well as our own.

Six evil seeds. They are mentioned in v. 31. They are all to be put out of the Christian's heart and life.

Idle words. They are words that do no good, but often offend and displease others. Nonsense carried too far, and in unseemly places.

Three most excellent things. Find them in v. 32. There never would be any quarrels in the church or the home, or the Endeavor Society, if these were observed. Pardon me for suggesting that a quarrel could ever be in an Endeavor Society.

Our example. We have but one. Not what would some one else do under like circumstances, but what would Jesus do? Read 1 Pet. ii. 21-23.

Stress on little things. Jesus put the standard so low that a little child might follow it. "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Even down to a cry of cold water in his name, or because we are his disciples.

Little kindnesses, something we can do every day and everywhere. Thoughtfulness, in the home, on the street, in the church, everywhere, all the time.

Real, heartfelt kindness. Not something put on for show or effect. Even a child can tell whether kindness comes from the heart or is just put on.

Who need kindnesses? Everybody. None so high, or wealthy, or independent, but have their trials and disappointments, perhaps more than the humble. Every human heart is susceptible to little kindnesses. Even the animals serve us better for kind treatment. It was said that "Even the mules in the Welsh mines knew there had been a revival in Wales."

Reward of kind deeds. Jesus says they will be interpreted as done unto him. That's enough for a Christian.

The strongest motive for human action is the appreciation of others. Shew it in Christian Endeavor.

Baltimore, Md.

Bible Readings

M., July 26. Mutual courtesy. Acts xxviii. 7-10.
T., July 27. Good rules. 1 Pet. iii. 8-13.
W., July 28. Dispenser of kindness. Prov. xv. 1-4.
T., July 29. Our example. John xiii. 1-15.
F., July 30. Lowly service. Matt. x. 40-42.
S., July 31. A widow's reward. 1 Kings xvii. 8-16.
Sun., Aug. 1. Topic—Little Every-Day Kindnesses. Eph. iv. 25-32. (Consecration meeting.)

LUTHER LEAGUE TOPICS

August 1, 1915. Deut. vi. 6, 7. Christian Home Life

BY REV. C. R. TROWBRIDGE

There is a vital relation between a true and noble civilization and true religion. Underneath the foundations of Church and State lies the home; it is older than either of them. It was established at the creation, emphasized as the unit of civil and religious life. The home is the source of the influences that make for righteousness or its opposite. In it are the forces that mold character from the cradle to the grave. Domestic religion plays an important part in the development of every true man and woman. The absence of true home piety threatens trouble and ruin to all in the home. There is nothing that can compensate for a lack of deep religious fervor and faith. A home may be ever so comfortable, even luxurious, with many sources of pleasure in it for all who come into it. It never attains its rightful place in a community, nor wields any sort of influence worth while, when the Spirit of Jesus Christ is absent from it. There is much home life in our day and in our own land that is wholly irreligious. The name of God is not known in it. The day of God is a day of relaxation and pleasure-seeking. The word of God is seldom read, and the atmosphere is worldly in the extreme. Those who come from such homes may be intelligent, may be cultured, may be possessed of numberless attractions and graces, but, lacking the crowning principle of godliness, these homes are neither useful nor helpful to their inmates nor to any who come into them. A lack of the modern home is the absence of faimly worship at regular intervals. The rush and the pressure of modern life have left small place for such exercise. The calls of business have driven the members of the family to office or store or shop in the early hours of the morning and given slight opportunity for the gathering of the family for morning devotions. The distractions of the world engage the attention of different members of the family in the evening and prevent the exercise of prayer in the closing hours of the day. No time seems to be left for the enjoyment of united prayer and praise. This is a dangerous condition. Of course, it is not to be expected that the faithful observance of family prayer will alone preserve a family from the dangers of sin and the perils of life. Maybe it is a valuable aid to the soul-protection we all need, and no family is complete that neglects this means of grace, so blessed by long years of enjoyment and use.

Easton, Pa.

Luther League Daily Bible Readings July 26–31

Monday: Gen. xviii. 16-19—Abraham's Family.
Tuesday: 1 Pet. iii. 1-9—Rules for Christian Households.
Wednesday: Eph. vi. 1-4—Parents of Children.
Thursday: Ps. ci.—The Upright Man.
Friday: Gen. xxxv. 11-15—Jacob Purifies His Household.
Saturday: Acts xvi. 14-15—Lydia's Godly Household.

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FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1915

Heresy is an Error; Intolerance is a Sin; Persecution is a Crime.—Dr. Philip Schaff.

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OUR HELPERS

Were we to undertake to draw up a list of the world's benefactors, we would probably begin with the names of those who have enlarged our treasures of intellectual or esthetic enjoyments, who have increased our comforts and the conveniences of living by their inventions, who in the crises of history have exhibited prodigies of statesmanship or valor, or who have projected and endowed great philanthropies. It is only natural that we should begin with these. The exceptional quality in their performances or the situations in which they acted appeal to the imagination. Their fame is widely known because they have made not a little group, a household or even a community, but the world itself their beneficiaries. Our mistake is not in thinking of them as benefactors, but in stopping there. These exceptional people who do exceptional things are indispensable if great public needs are to be met and civilization is to be carried forward through its crisis periods. But after all, these public needs and crisis periods are comparatively few. They are vastly outnumbered by needs that are of daily recurrence and by periods of quiet, orderly progress when simple fidelity to an uninspiring round of tasks is the most valuable service that can be rendered.

Take the business of any community. Its steady ongoing underlies all our comfort and prosperity. How true this is we realize when there is some sudden interruption of normal conditions, as by a great strike or lock-out when everything is turned topsy-turvy. Then for the first time we begin to appreciate how many people minister to us day by day and how dependent we are upon their faithfulness. Preachments on the solidarity of society, that no man lives to himself alone, that we are members one of another—all this we had heard time and again, but it went in one ear and out the other. Now we understand it. It does not diminish our indebtedness to the merchants, clerks, milk-men, ice-men and the whole group of people who carry on the trade of a community that they are paid for it. Of course they are. It is their means of livelihood. But none the less, in making their livelihood they are also making us their debtors. Service does not cease to be service because those who give it live by it. That it is necessary for themselves does not make it less necessary for us. Their fidelity works in both directions. It turns to their own benefit; it turns, at the same time, to ours.

The Uninspiring Task

There is nothing very inspiring in the tasks which condition the stability and comfort of a household. In themselves considered, they are often a sheer drudgery. Singly they may seem insignificant, but taken together and recurring with remorseless regularity, they are a severe drain upon strength and patience. People who had been proof against other forms of medieval torture often collapsed under the torment of water falling drop by drop upon the head with a monotony that was maddening. "I do believe," declared Bishop Brooks, "that the common man's task is the hardest. The hero has the hero's aspiration that lifts him to his labor. All great duties are easier than the little ones, though they cost far more blood and agony."

What a multitude of well-doing and heroic people, there are in the quiet homes of the land! There is nothing in their appearance or environments to draw attention to them. They present to external view nothing but the drab hue of excessive commonplace. But each home is a center of human interest, a little world in itself, wherein are enacted all the joys and sorrows, the tragedies and comedies in which our nature can share; and together these commonplace homes constitute the dependable strength of the State. If home influences and surroundings are the most potent factor in our own personal lives, and if their sweetness and wholesomeness have more to do with our well-being and happiness than any external conditions, then it is evident that if we would catalogue the benefactors of a community we must extend our search beyond the circle of those who are in the public eye and public prints. We must include the home makers and preservers.

Religious Work

Nor is it otherwise when we pass to the sphere of religion. Here and there in the work of the ministry there looms a man of commanding ability and force. The people flock to hear him. His church is crowded. The lines of his influence run to and fro and reach far. But there are not many preachers of this sort and they are not the only ones of whom God and men are saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Within a narrower sphere, there are multitudes of preachers who are doing a work just as solid, enduring and beneficent. Their ministry may not touch as many lives, but those whom it reaches it touches with saving power. It is the same gospel that is proclaimed and administered in the little church that is set in the solitude of the countryside as in the splendid fane that is the pride and ornament of a great city. To both alike come men and women burdened with sin and bowed with trouble, and in both alike they find rest for their souls. The preacher, whoever he may be, whose field of labor is to-day the most obscure and desolate in all the land, whose ministry is bringing to the sinful and careworn something of the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of Christ, is doing a work of precisely the same quality as that of the men whose fame is in all the churches. He is a steward of the same mysteries and to the same glorious end.

What an army of Christian workers we have in our Sunday-schools and young people's societies and circles! Individually they may feel they are doing and can do very little, and paradoxical though it is, the more they are doing and the more earnest they are about it, the more they feel so. But how immensely beneficent their combined efforts are. Together they constitute the mighty army that is moving to the conquest of the world for Christ. Eliminate their work, and the bot-

tom would fall out of every enterprise which the Church is carrying on.

We need not think less of those who in great positions and in critical times lay a nation or a world under obligation to their capacity and courage, but we ought to think more of those who in the ordinary routine of life contribute to the stability, comfort and effectiveness of the conditions that affect us all for weal or woe every day. Our benefactors are not to be sought alone in the sphere of the unusual and spectacular, but ever more in that of the routine and ordinary. It is the people who are found in the latter sphere who are really doing the bulk of the world's and the Church's work. It must needs be so, since ninety-nine one-hundreths of the work that must be done to keep the machinery of life running lies in that sphere.

GOD'S WAY IN THE SANCTUARY

There are people who are never found in the assemblies of God's people, not because they are atheists or infidels, but because they say that they can pray and worship anywhere, and consequently do not need to go to church to find God. No doubt there is a truth in all this.

> "The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
> To hew the shaft and lay the architrave
> And spread the roof above them; ere he framed
> The lofty vault to gather and roll back
> The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
> Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
> And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
> And supplications."

Paul tells us that God "dwelleth not in temples made with hands," that is, he is not confined and enclosed in these structures, after the heathen notion. There is a sense in which the temple of God is everywhere, and all times and places are suitable for worshiping him and addressing to him our supplications.

Nevertheless, if we are not to charge God with instituting ordinances that are superfluous and valueless, we cannot escape the conclusion that our needs imperatively require the sanctuary and united worship. When he called Israel out of Egypt he set the tabernacle in the very center of the peoples' life. When they were settled in Canaan, it was at his direction that the splendid temple arose, to which all the tribes were to go up. Rebuilt after the captivity, Jesus himself walked its porches, joined in its worship, and cleansed it of the desecration that had invaded its sacred precincts. He announced its destruction, indeed, and proclaimed the time as at hand when not in Jerusalem or Samaria, nor under any local or national restrictions, but everywhere men would worship the Father. But he did not abolish united worship. He simply stressed the spiritual side of it and widened its privileges to all peoples and lands, declaring that he would be in the midst of every congregation of believers assembled in his name.

At the dedication of Solomon's temple the divine presence and indwelling were visibly attested. "The house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God." No longer is his presence displayed in manifestations like that, but by other signs equally incontestable. "God's invisible presence and God's unseen strokes are an habitual experience in all the temples of the world wherein his true disciples do gather together. Which is only what we should expect on the ground of what our Savior said, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them.'"

Our Higher Needs

There is a witness to the necessity of the sanctuary in the very nature and office of the truth which it is its peculiar office to proclaim and administer. It is not truth that concerns our temporal interests only—though it promotes them—but our spiritual and eternal interests. The soul is greater than the body. What we are and shall become is of infinitely more consequence than what we may for a little while possess. Character is the noblest thing beneath the stars. It is truth for these supreme ends of our being that is preached and enforced in the sanctuary. It is not truth for the head alone, but for the heart—for the nurture and culture of our souls which will endure when of this material world nothing will be left but the memory of it and the blessedness which by the grace of God we have carried with us to the skies. "Man shall not live by bread alone"—by the things which support and minister to his physical well-being. His life is more in the spirit than in the body, and must be quickened and invigorated by the spiritual and moral truths that carry into his soul the principles of purity and goodness and mould it into the likeness of God. This is that Bread which came down from heaven of which the soul is to eat that it may have the true life that will live forever—the provision offered by God through his gospel in our sanctuaries. We may search through the world, among all the interests that stir men to effort and for which they expend tireless endeavors, but nowhere will we find what is so vital to human welfare as these ministrations of spiritual truth.

Fellowship

We need the sanctuary for the fellowship in worship which it provides. We cannot be Christians rightly nor fulfil our obligations of service in isolation—"forsaking the assembling of ourselves together." We are individuals, indeed, but we are constituted social beings. Hence God has ordained the sanctuary for united worship and union in his work and service. As Dr. Nathaniel Burton so finely develops the idea in one of his vigorous and beautiful essays, the assemblies of God's people are mightily assisted by their mutual magnetism—"assisted in fervor, assisted in unity, assisted in clear-cut vision of truth, assisted in a realistic hold on God as the necessity and joy of souls"—of all of which he finds a partial and imperfect illustration in the well-known fact that a body of men can march longer and keep better heart by striking the same step and swinging forward to the time-beat of the same music. He speaks also of the ennobling and elevating sense of fellowship with the blessed dead—those we have known and the saints of all ages—which we have as we join in the worship in which they too lifted their hearts to God. "Once in Westminster Abbey," he says, "when the minister mounted the reading desk and began the lesson, 'Wherefore seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses,' I had as distinct a sense of the presence of the departed (a host of whom lay in silent death about me), as I had of the living; and those shadowy presences swarmed into the entire service, upheld the chants, emphasized the 'Amens,' environed the preacher, took possession of the reverberating spaces in the name of the Unseen; and while the little company below went on with their comparatively feeble worship, added thereunto a heavenly majesty by force of their innumerable host. I claim that this is a real element in worship, and that, in so far as God's people come into the great thought and feeling of the Communion of Saints, they will fill their solemnities with those celestial influences, and worship as reinforced by the whole kingdom of God."

It is in the sanctuary that God comes in blessing through the sacraments. These are a "visible word"—a part of the divine ministration that makes the church the house of God and the gate to heaven. Surely it is holy ground where God establishes his covenant with a soul—of infant or adult—and engages to be its Father and Savior, its Sanctifier and Friend.

Surely an untold blessing is in the place where faith receives the risen and glorified Christ in all the riches of his saving grace through the ordinance of the Holy Supper.

That men cannot neglect the sanctuary without wronging their own souls is very clear. Blessings are in it that are to be found nowhere else. God walks in self-disclosure through nature as he walked through Eden, and in all his works there are unveilings of his power, wisdom and deity. But if we would meet him in his revealings of grace and truth that save the soul, his way is in the sanctuary, and there we will ever find him if we seek him with our whole hearts.

Drinking from a Life-Insurance Viewpoint

The "Outlook" recently published an article on "Is Moderate Drinking Justified?"—from the point of view of the life insurance mortality tables that puts the results of moderate drinking on a basis that no amount of argument can disturb and that no amount of bigotry can successfully attribute to the "narrowness of temperance people." Insurance rates are based on as cold-blooded calculations as it is possible to conceive of. The insurance companies are seeking to make their risks on a basis that shall be profitable to themselves, and the deaths of those who come within their notice are tabulated with no regard to either sentiment or prejudice. In 1840, Robert Warner, a total abstainer, applied to an English company for a policy on his life. It was refused unless he would pay ten per cent above the regular rates because he was "thin and watery and mentally cracked in that he repudiated the good things of God as found in alcoholic drinks." In December of last year at a convention of presidents of American Life Insurance Companies, the chairman of the Central Bureau of the Medico-Actuarial Mortality Investigation, representing forty-three companies and covering the records of over 2,000,000 policy holders, as the result of most careful and searching investigation and analysis, classed liquor dealers among the most hazardous risks, and even very moderate drinkers as decidedly unsafe, exhibiting a higher mortality than total abstainers. In some companies retail dealers, bartenders, employees in breweries and traveling salesmen for liquor houses are excluded from the list of those insured. One leading company charges rates eight years in advance of actual age for beer bottlers, brewery and distillers, salesmen and collectors of wholesale liquor houses, putting them in the same class with electric linemen and others in extra-hazardous pursuits. Saloon keepers, bar tenders, brewery laborers, saloon porters and brewery drivers are made to pay rates twelve years in advance of their age; The figures with reference to moderate drinkers,—those who take no more than two glasses of beer or one drink of whisky a day, and those who take more than this amount, but never drink to excess, show that the mortality of the second group is fifty per cent higher than in the first, while the use of any alcohol at all increases the mortality at varying rates according to the age of the person. Mr. Robert Mackenzie Moore, Actuary of a British company insuring only abstainers and very moderate drinkers gives the following striking figures:

Ages.	Number of Deaths. Total Abstainers.	Moderate Drinkers.	Excess Deaths Among Moderate Drinkers. Number.	Percent.
20-30	4,221	4,677	456	11
30-40	4,201	7,041	2,840	68
40-50	6,246	10,861	4,615	74
50-60	13,056	18,524	5,468	42
60-70	29,078	34,568	5,490	19

The heaviest mortality comes in the very prime of life, and those who have any weakness are eliminated. The figures in every line of the investigation show the same results, and even since the publication of the article there has been reported the suspension of The American Temperance Life Insurance Company on account of the acceptances as risks of moderate drinkers. The risks on their lives were higher than on teetotalers, but proved not to be high enough, and the company has gone to the wall. These are facts that can be verified at any insurance office, and they are worth considering and emphasizing.

Unrest Among Young Mormons

Professor Edgar James Banks, writing in the "Christian Herald," tells of a remarkable evidence of unrest among the younger educated Mormons, as indicated by a graduation address by a Mormon student at the University of Utah at the recent commencement on "Needed Reform." The address attacked the "conservatism of the State and the Mormon attitude toward things in general," to such an extent that the regents are said to have gasped. The writer attributes the changed attitude to the fact of the discovery that one of the sacred books, the "Book of Abraham," which was said to have been translated by Joseph Smith from "some ancient records that have fallen into our hands from the catacombs of Egypt, called the Book of Abraham, written down by his own hand upon Papyrus," were spurious. We noted the fact of this discovery several years ago, when the documents, which are undoubtedly Egyptian, were submitted to scholars for translation. The Mormon elders had perfect faith that the thirty-six pages of alleged translation were an actual rendering into English of the short hieroglyphic manuscript which they reverenced, and when it was undoubtedly proven that the "translation" was wholly a piece of imagination, and the document merely short prayers to the Egyptian sun-god, great was the consternation of those in authority. This was about two years ago, and since then the leaven has gradually been working doubt among the students. The board of regents of the University of Utah is prevailingly Mormon, and the progressive spirit which has been making itself felt in the student body resulted in the past year in the dismissal of several members of the faculty, explanation of the act being refused. In protest against this action fourteen other professors resigned, among them some of the ablest and oldest of the faculty. The Board of Regents, it is reported, are attempting to replace these men with Mormons of the old type, though they protest loudly that neither politics nor religion has anything to do with the appointments. Professor Banks declares, however, that the University has outgrown Mormonism, and that many of the educated young Mormons are such only in name and show themselves to be ashamed of their religion. The claim that the Book of Mormon was connected with the archaeology of America, and that it was translated from plates of gold, has had a decided set-back through the discovery that the Book of Abraham was a fraud. The old Mormons are skeptical of education, and the younger ones skeptical of their faith. But let no one think that therefore Mormonism is dying. Superstition dies hard, and the breaking away of the few will make the more ignorant all the more tenacious of their faith.

New Step in National Defense

Wars are no longer won by brute force and strategy alone. Every power of science is enlisted in one way or another to give the nations victory over their opponents, and to conserve their own resources. The complications in which our own land has found herself in these recent days, while not rousing even the semblance of a jingo spirit, have brought home the fact that were we to become involved in war by any ill chance, we would be utterly unprepared for it, and the necessity of considering seriously just what our posi-

tion would be. Not in a spirit of militarism, but in that of wise forethought, the first step has just been announced. Secretary of the Navy Daniels has appointed Mr. Thomas A. Edison chairman of the Advisory Board of the proposed Bureau of Invention and Development, which is to be composed of the foremost inventors and scientists of the country, and which is to devise means for the meeting of any possible danger that might threaten the country. Mr. Edison has done an intensely patriotic thing in accepting the position, and in being willing to subordinate his own personal interests sufficiently to the country's call to undertake what will not be an empty role. Other names that are suggested for the board are Orville Wright, who has come out strongly for the establishment of an adequate corps of aviators, Alexander Graham Bell, Hudson Maxim, John Hays Hammond, Jr., whose electrically controlled boat and torpedo, managed from a wireless station on shore, have attracted such attention, and Henry Ford. Rumor has it that Mr. Edison already has an invention for coast defense completed, which will not be made known unless we should be unfortunate enough to become involved in war, and which will give exemption from danger from invading ships and forces. There is a great difference between a move like this and the developing of a militaristic spirit. World conditions, in the light of the past year's history, show that while the era of peace may or may not be far in the distance, the time has not yet come when, because a nation has no ambitious purposes of its own that make it look with longing or with jealous eyes on the possessions of other lands, it can feel that it is perfectly safe from all aggression. It is simply a case of the world being aflame, and it brings home the necessity of proper fire-protection.

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Palestine and the Jews After the War

As during the Balkan War the imagination of the world was concerned with the possibilities connected with both Constantinople and Palestine, and there was the hope that both would be wrested from the Turk, so now again there is the dream of the Turk forever banished from Europe and the Holy Land again in the hands of the Jews. The Zionists have never ceased to look with longing at the land of their fathers,—not, perhaps, for themselves as individuals, but for their people, and now their dreams have been taking practical form in the purchase of lands and in planning for possible eventualities after the war. The "New York Sun," reviewing the situation says, "Palestine, it is estimated, can accommodate a population of 6,000,000. With the establishment of new political control of the Holy Land it is intended that Jews shall migrate there from Russia, Germany, Austria and other European states. Thus the leaders of the movement say, a solution will be found of the race-old Jewish problem. Not only will the Jews have their own land, but an end will be brought to the discrimination against them in other countries. Partly as a result of the Zionistic movement, initiated several years ago, many American Jews have already made investments in Palestine. New York Jews own a large tract of land in the neighborhood of Haifa. St. Louis Jews bought not long ago 800 acres near the shores of the Sea of Galilee. Chicago Jews control territory near Cana, where the ancient religious feast formerly was held. A vast tract in the vicinity of Joppa is in the hands of Jews living in Winnipeg, while Jews of Pittsburgh and Cleveland own 1800 acres near Armageddon. The investment of foreign capital has resulted in a marked improvement in the physical features of Palestine, it is said. Until a few years ago the country was a treeless region, with much desert land. The ground has been rendered productive, with soil formerly considered barren yielding great wheat crops. It is asserted that nearly every acre from the sea on the west to the River Euphrates on the east, including the whole of Syria and a part of Mesopotamia, may be made to blossom. The present Jewish movement assumes also that a fresh disposition of the Holy Land will be made after the end of the war.

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Financial Institutions and the "Morals" Squad

More and more it is recognized that a man's morals are the concern of his employer, no matter how well he may be doing his work, or how well established his integrity in business may apparently be known to be. The man who drinks, the man who gambles, the man of impure life is looked upon as a "bad risk" when it comes to trusting him with important affairs. It is too easy for him to become involved so that to bridge some crisis, or to meet some need, his business "honor" will crumble to nothing. Police Captain H. C. Davis, of Philadelphia is authority for the statement that in that city the leading financial institutions are working with the police in the crusade against gambling, and that they employ a novel secret association of private detectives which keeps a watch on all employees of banking and business establishments who have been found patronizing gaming houses and pool rooms.

"To save themselves from the disgrace and the loss of their positions," Captain Davis said, "the men who have received warnings as the result of the activities of the new detective plan, have promised to mend their ways and cut out cards and dice and other forms of gaming. The men who compose the 'morals squad' spend their time around the banking district and know tolerably well the habits of clerks, bookkeepers, cashiers and other employes there who handle large sums. Men who hold responsible positions cannot gamble and maintain their self-respect. There must come a time when a man's losses will make him desperate. Then he will take a little of his employer's money, thinking to replace it, and go on and on until finally he lands in a cell."

No doubt the reformation that is worked is a reformation by force only, and has no real moral significance necessarily, but it has one merit: it is real, because the offender knows that if he offends the chances are large that he will be found out and pay the penalty. Incidentally it does have its moral value in compelling in most effective way the learning of the lesson that "the way of the transgressor is hard." And it has this advantage, that it teaches the lesson before the extreme penalty is meted out.

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Total War Loss to June Greater than Population of Pennsylvania

The war-losses are too stupendous for us to form any real conception of. The figures are so large as to be almost meaningless unless there is some direct means of comparison with something that we can understand. The number of dead alone exceeds the combined populations of Philadelphia (1,549,008) and Pittsburgh (533,905); and the number of wounded, who are estimated at 4,838,000, is more than half of the entire population of the state of Pennsylvania. Adding to these those who are reported as missing and prisoners, 1,705,000, the total exceeds the entire population of the state. Take these totals and add to them the sorrowing wives, children and parents of those counted as "casualties" and of the men still fighting, and the sum of the suffering is greater than the world has even known—a total that should make us hesitate long before we would consent to be drawn into the seething maelstrom of hate and destruction. The waste and desolation of war, the terrific cost of the munitions and equipment, great as they are, sink into insignificance before this greater waste, and only dire necessity and the protection of that which is dearer than life should ever entangle our nation in the horrors that it involves.

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Church News

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Rev. J. F. Hershiser, from Fairview, Ill., to Queen City, Mo.

CHURCH BREVITIES

Rev. J. F. Hershiser, of Fairview, Ill., has received and accepted a call to the Queen City, Mo., charge.

A fine new organ has been installed in Zion church of the Hempfield, Pa., charge, Rev. Elmer Kahl, pastor.

A new lighting plant is to be installed in the Lutheran church at Bittinger, Md., Rev. J. L. Marvin, pastor.

Rev. T. B. Yeakley received eight new members at the midsummer communion in Mt. Zion church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rev. Alonzo J. Turkle, D. D., pastor of Trinity church, North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa., is on an extensive trip through the West.

Rev. E. Roy Hauser has had organized an active Christian Endeavor society by the young people in Christ's church, Somerset, Pa.

Mr. John B. Knisely, a student at Susquehanna University, is supplying the pulpit of St. John's church at East McKeesport, Pa.

The First church at Braddock, Pa., Rev. O. H. Stein, pastor, has been beautified with a new coat of paint and other improvements.

Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Hackenberg, of Dayton, Ohio, are rejoicing in the advent of a daughter, May Anna, who came to gladden their home on July 14th.

Rev. A. J. Kissell has resigned the pastorate at Fernald, Iowa, to take effect October 12th next. This is a desirable charge. Correspondence can be addressed to Mr. H. M. Wherry, R. F. D. 2, Colo, Iowa.

Mr. Frank Edwin Smith, a student of the Gettysburg Theological Seminary, is supplying the pulpit of St. John's church at Swissvale, Pa., for the summer.

Rev. Charles Reinewald, D. D., has received an increase in salary, which entitles the Lutheran church at Emmitsburg, Md., to a place on the Honor Roll.

Rev. J. C. Jacoby, D. D., delivered the evening sermon at the Young people's Union meeting on the Third Ward campus, at Wellington, Kans., on July 11th.

The Brotherhood of Trinity church at Wheeling, W. Va., Rev. Oscar C. Dean, pastor, made itself responsible for painting the parsonage and making other repairs.

Mrs. A. B. Miller, wife of Rev. A. B. Miller, of York, Pa., has again been obliged to seek hospital treatment, this time in the German Hospital at Philadelphia.

The new Moxham Lutheran church at Johnstown, Pa., Rev. H. S. Rhoads, pastor, is now under roof and the Sunday-school department will be in use by October 1st.

Grace church,, at Monongahela, Pa., Rev. M. M. Allbeck, pastor, on July 1st paid $500. Since January more than $800 has been received through the use of a Jehoida chest.

The congregation of Trinity church, McKeesport, Pa., has decided to build a parsonage on its church lot for the convenience and comfort of the new pastor, Rev. F. J. Matter.

Rev. G. Arthur Fry, pastor of St. Luke's church at Pittsburgh, Pa., received a handsome parlor clock from his Sunday-school class upon the occasion of his birthday anniversary.

Rev. H. F. Baughman observed the second anniversary of his pastorate in Trinity church, Keyser, W. Va. His report showed 53 new members received, 26 infants baptized, and 14 funerals conducted.

Rev. Frank J. Matter was recently installed as pastor of Trinity church, McKeesport, Pa. Rev. Drs. J. E. Dietterich and J. E. Bittle delivered the charges to the congregation and pastor, respectively.

Rev. J. Eugene Dietterich, D. D., completed his first year as pastor at Duquesne, Pa., on July 1st. During the year he received 21 new members, baptized 10 infants, officiated at 5 funerals and 3 weddings.

The council of Holy Trinity Lutheran church, Camden, N. J., passed a resolution authorizing the pastor, Rev. W. G. Brubaker, to acknowledge the receipt of and express appreciation for a $450 donation from the Board of Church Extension.

The congregation of the Church of the Redeemer, Pittsburgh, Pa., surprised the pastor and wife, Rev. and Mrs. Robert W. Woods, on the sixth anniversary of their marriage with a reception in the church. Many valuable and beautiful gifts were presented to them.

Holy Trinity Lutheran mission, Audubon, N. J., Rev. Wm. H. Harding, pastor, met with an unusual experience last week when burglars broke into the new church and stripped the carpet from two of the aisles of the church. It will be doubly hard to buy new, as the first has not yet been paid for. The final settlement with the contractor for the building is to be made in a few days.

OVER THE FIELD

Children's Day Offerings—Report No. 2.—Children's Day offerings for Tressler Orphans' Home, Loysville. 65 churches and Sunday-schools, $1,159.57; previously reported, 88 schools, $2,707.73; totals to date, 153 schools, $3,867.30.

C. A. WIDLE, *Supt.*

New Franklin, Pa.—At a recent meeting of the Cumberland Valley Conference at Orrstown, Pa., the paper of Rev. A. D. Potts, Ph. D., D. D., on the subject, "The Elements of Church Strength," was considered so meritorious and of such practical importance that the conference unanimously resolved to have 2,000 copies published in booklet form for gratuitous distribution among the members of its respective parishes. The booklet of fourteen pages, in a neat and attractive form, has just been issued by a local press.

Los Angeles Pulpit Vacant.—The First English Lutheran church of Los Angeles, Cal., is without a pastor, owing to the resignation, July 1st, of Dr. H. J. Weaver, who, after having faithfully served the First church for over fourteen years, has accepted a call to Trinity church of Riverside, Cal. The secretary of the Supply Committee, Mr. A. A. Maxwell, 4031 Brighton avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., will be glad to correspond with any Lutheran ministers contemplating a trip to California and arrange a date on which they might supply this pulpit.

Rhinebeck, N. Y.—The Third Lutheran church, Rev. Walter Miller, D. D., pastor, has just had presented a new 1000-pound Meneely bell, a memorial to one of the elders, Brother Geo. W. Dicks, by his son, at a cost of over $400. Also about $600 was raised in the last six months toward a new pipe-organ, and all other running expenses were met. The church is well in its fifth year, and the work is delightful and prosperous to all outward appearances. The pastor is taking a vacation of three weeks, beginning July 15th, at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Stone Harbor, N. J.—The Church of Our Savior, organized in May of last year by the missionary superintendent of the East Pennsylvania Synod, Dr. S. D. Daugherty, is busily at work seeking to raise the amount still needed to pay off the indebtedness remaining on its lot. Plans are under way for holding a bazar on August 24th at Harbor Inn, the leading hotel of this growing seaside resort. This is the second time that the proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Hermon, have put the services of their hostelry at the service of the ladies of the church who, under the leadership of Mrs. J. Salversen, are working so industriously to secure a church home.

South Fork, Pa.—The Sunday-schools of the South Fork charge, Rev. H. O. Reynolds, pastor, observed Children's Day on June 27th. The Lovett Sunday-school rendered the program in the morning. The house was crowded with an appreciative people, who showed their delight by a liberal collection of $27. The piano duet by Mrs. Harry Kring and Mrs. George Miller was a special feature. The South Fork school held their services in the evening, also with a crowded house.

The South Fork congregation deserve special credit for their zeal in having their church repaired during the vacancy

of six months in the charge, at a cost of about $200. The charge has taken on new life, all departments of the church are wide-awake, and great things may be expected in the future from this splendid people.

Installation of Pastor. — Rev. G. C. Smith, of Plymouth, Ohio, was installed as pastor of the Lutheran church of that town on Sunday, July 11th. At the morning service Rev. S. G. Dornblaser, of Bucyrus, delivered the charge to the congregation, and in the evening Rev. J. H. Neuhauser, of Shelby, delivered the charge to the pastor. At this latter service occurred the formal act of installation, the two visiting clergymen participating.

It is a matter of gratification that the health of Rev. Smith permits him again to take up the work of the ministry. He has rendered valuable service to the church in the past, and the Plymouth congregation is fortunate in securing him as pastor. A hearty welcome has been given the new pastor and family, and the outlook for the future is bright for all parties concerned.

Ponca, Neb.—Sunday, July 11th, was a day for Lutheranism in Ponca, Neb., at which time Rev. Paul Machetzka was installed pastor. The address to the pastor was delivered by G. W. Livers, the nearest neighbor. The address to the people was delivered by Rev. O. D. Baltzly, D. D., who was born and raised near Ponca and was baptized and confirmed in this pastorate. There are a number of the charter members of this, one of the oldest churches in the state, still regular attendants, and it was a pleasure to hear the address by a former member to the congregation as an old-time friend and neighbor. Rev. Machetzka is a graduate of the Western Theological Seminary and Midland College, and enters upon the work with zeal and courage.

In the evening Dr. Baltzly preached in Allen, Neb., and baptized the baby girl of Rev. Livers and wife.

Board of Home Missions and Church Extension.—The newly elected Board of Home Missions and Church Extension appointed by the General Synod at Akron, Ohio, met for organization on July 13th in the rooms of the Board of Church Extension, York, Pa.

The Board is composed of the following: Rev. J. B. Markward, D. D., Rev. C. E. Walter, D. D., Rev. S. T. Nicholas, D. D., Rev. W. E. Stahler, D. D., Rev. J. M. Francis, D. D., Rev. H. B. Stock, D. D., Harvey C. Miller, Geo. E. Neff, Esq., W. L. Glatfelter, Arthur King, A. M., and J. A. Dempwolf.

The following officers were elected: President, Rev. J. Bradley Markward, D. D.; vice-president, Geo. E. Neff, Esq.; secretary and treasurer, H. H. Weber, D. D.; general superintendent, Rev. H. L. Yarger, D. D.

Other secretaries will be elected at a subsequent meeting, after the Board takes over the work of the Board of Home Missions and the Board of Church Extension. This will be on January 1, 1916. In the meantime the two Boards will conduct their work separately, as heretofore.

A general plan for the operation of the new Board was adopted, which will be presented to the synods this fall by the general superintendent and the other secretaries.

Lutheran Young People's Association of the Northern Illinois Synod. — The Lutheran Young People's Association met in Trinity Lutheran church, Rockford, Ill., Rev. H. M. Bannen, pastor. A wide-awake group of young people were in attendance. The discussions resolved themselves into leaders' conferences. It was clearly evident to a listener that these were the young people who were responsible for the things accomplished, and they had come to talk over how to accomplish more. A feature of the convention was the Achievement Afternoon, which was held on the spacious deck of a steamboat on the Rock river. This was led by Rev. P. H. R. Mullen, of Freeport, Ill. The addresses were as follows: "Of What Benefit is the Young People's Organization to the Church?" by Rev. H. E. Zimmerman; "Tired and Retired Members," by Miss Ella Satre; "An Ideal Service for Christian Young People," by Rev. H. C. Summers; "The Young People's Society a Training School for Young People," by Rev. E. R. Rudisill.

D. L. Mc., *Publicity Committee.*

Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Trinity Church, Chambersburg, Pa. — The twenty-fifty anniversary of the organization of Trinity Lutheran Sunday-school, Chambersburg, Pa., Rev. Wm. A. Kump, pastor, was celebrated with an elaborate program July 4-6. This congregation owes its existence to the missionary foresight of the General Secretary of the Board of Home Missions, Rev. Dr. A. Stewart Hartman, D. D., who, as pastor of the First church, saw the opportunity for a new church in the north end of the town. It was fitting, therefore, that Dr. Hartman should be the speaker at the Sunday-school anniversary on Sunday morning, July 4th, at which time every available seat was occupied. The anniversary sermon was preached at the morning service by the first pastor of the congregation, Prof. Herbert C. Alleman, Gettysburg, during whose pastorate of five and a half years the present substantial chapel was erected. The evening sermon was preached by the second pastor of the congregation, President John Henry Harms, Newberry, S. C., to a congregation which crowded the chapel, this being Dr. Harms' first visit to Chambersburg in fifteen years. On Monday evening greetings from the third pastor, Rev. Clifton G. White, Millersburg, Pa., were read, Brother White being detained by illness. The absence of this much-beloved pastor, who served the congregation for nine years, was the only disappointment in the entire program. At this service the sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. F. L. Bergstresser, the fourth pastor, who served the congregation from 1909 to 1913, during whose ministry many substantial additions were made to the membership. A reception to the visiting pastors by the congregation followed. Tuesday evening was given over to a fellowship meeting of the three Lutheran congregations of Chambersburg, the lamented Dr. Roth and Rev. T. B. Thomas being the speakers. The anniversary was admirably managed by the present efficient and beloved pastor and his competent committees. It was a truly joyous occasion, with delightful music, delightful decorations, delightful fellowship. Such celebrations cannot fail to rally a congregation, with new enthusiasm, to larger achievements.

AN EX-PASTOR.

Resolutions on the Death of Rev. Dr. O. C. Roth, Chambersburg, Pa.—The council of the First Lutheran church adopted the following resolutions:

"The Supreme Ruler of the destinies of man, the God whose viceroy he was, has seen fit in his wise providence to suddenly call to active service in his courts above our beloved pastor, Rev. Dr. O. C. Roth; therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of "him who doeth all things well," we, the congregation, desire to express our love and sympathy to the members of the family of our revered pastor, in their sudden and extremely sad bereavement, and to attest our appreciation of his life and work among us, and our sense of great loss in his death.

"*Resolved*, That in his death the community at large has lost a staunch advocate of civic and religious righteousness, the congregation of the First Lutheran church an able and beloved pastor, and the individual members thereof a kind, loving and sympathetic friend, who was always ready to do anything in his power to console the bereaved, counsel the erring, and cheer the despondent, and direct the minds and hearts of all to the God he served.

"*Resolved*, That the noble Christian life exemplified by him was one that all of us may with benefit follow, and stand as he did upon the Christian proposition:

"'Before thy mystic altar, heavenly truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth;
Thus let me kneel till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brightened by thy ray.'

"*Resolved*, That our sympathy is extended to the bereaved daughters in their loss of a kind, loving, and indulgent father and friend.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the church, be published in the local papers, and that a copy be presented to the family, and also to be published in the LUTHERAN OBSERVER and the "Lutheran Church Work."

W. C. BISHOP,
I. I. WINGERT,
HENRY MARTIN,
J. A. HAMILTON,
J. T. KEEFER,
SAMUEL GELWIX,
Committee."

CHRIST'S IDEAL

This is Christ's ideal: a radiating Gospel; a kingdom of overflowing, conquering love; a Church that is elected to be a means of blessing to the human race. This ideal is the very nerve of Christian missions at home and abroad, the effort to preach the Gospel to every creature, not merely because the world needs to receive it, but because the Church will be rejected and lost unless she gives it. 'Tis not so much a question for us whether any of our fellowmen can be saved without Christianity. The question is whether we can be saved if we are willing to keep our Christianity to ourselves. And the answer is, No! The only religion that can really do anything for me is the religion that makes me want to do something for you. The missionary enterprise is not the Church's after-thought. It is not secondary and optional. It is primary and vital. Christ has put it into the very heart of his Gospel. We cannot really see him, or know him, or love him unless we see and know and love his ideal for us—the ideal which is embodied in the law of election and service.—Henry Van Dyke.

HONOR ROLL

Churches That Have Increased Pastor's Salary

650. Trinity church, Wheeling, W. Va.
651. Trinity church, Grand Rapids, Mich.
652. Trinity church, Johnstown, Pa.
653. Salem charge, Dover, Pa.
654. Grace church, Elkhart, Ind.
655. Lutheran charge, Summerhill, Pa.
656. Augsburg church, Chicago, Ill.
657. Lutheran charge, Liberty, Pa.
658. Lutheran church, Clearfield, Pa.
659. Gilead church, Center Brunswick, N.Y.
660. Calvary church, Chicago, Ill.
661. First church, New Kensington, Pa.
662. Memorial church, Nevada, Iowa.
663. Trinity church, Berwick, Pa.
664. Lutheran charge, Seven Valleys, Pa.
665. St. Mark's church, Albion, Ind.
666. St. Matthew's church, Hanover, Pa.
667. Trinity church, Keyser, W. Va.
668. Lutheran charge, York Springs, Pa.
669. Trinity church, Camp Hill, Pa.
670. Trinity church, Beatrice, Neb.
671. Christ church, Harrisburg, Pa.
672. Lutheran charge, Irving, Ill.
673. Mt. Bethel charge, Stone Church, Pa.
674. Augsburg church, Harrisburg, Pa.
675. Lutheran church, Orangeville, Ill.
676. Trinity church, Chambersburg, Pa.
677. St. Peter's church, Reading, Pa.
678. Luth. church, New Germantown, N. J.
679. Grace church, Monongahela, Pa.
680. Zion church, New Germantown, N. J.
681. First church, Bridgeport, Conn.
682. St. Paul's church, Hillsboro, Ill.
683. Trindle Spring, Mechanicsburg, Pa.
684. Elias church, Emmitsburg, Md.
685. ———?

Emmitsburg, Md. — At the recent congregational meeting the Lutheran church voted an increase in the pastor's salary, and thus wins a place on the Honor Roll. It was also decided to install electric light in the parsonage and provide telephone service for the use of the pastor, Rev. Charles Reinewald, D. D. The work is completed. The Emmitsburg congregation has ever shown a noble response in meeting the requirements of an ideal and progressive body of workers. It has the distinction of being one of the oldest and most historic of churches, dating from the year 1757.

Resigns Pastorate.—Rev. Charles S. Bream, pastor of the Albion Lutheran charge, composed of St. Mark's, of Albion, Ind., Rehoboth and Mt. Pleasant Lutheran churches, has resigned to become effective August 1, 1915, for the purpose of accepting a call to become the pastor of the Middlebury, Ind., Lutheran church. Rev. Bream has been pastor of the Albion charge for the past three years, and under his leadership and pastorate the congregations have enjoyed growth and prosperity, and they are in excellent condition at the present time. While his parishioners and friends regret his departure from Albion, yet they will join in wishing him success in the new field of labor. Middlebury is the largest charge in the Northern Indiana Synod, and the acceptance of his new pastorate is in the nature of a deserved promotion. The people of Middlebury will find in Rev. Bream an untiring worker, a progressive minister and a zealous pastor.

Devotional and Practical

THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM

He does not seem to answer
All my prayers,
Nor always lift the burden
Of my cares.
And He has called me often
Into night,
And in time of battle
Made me fight.
Yet if I know Him near me,
All is well;
The comfort of His presence
Who can tell?

What if I miss my comrades
On the way?
He will ne'er forsake me
All the day.
And though I find the pathway
Steep and long,
And weary of the journey,
He is strong;
So strong that I can rest me
In His love,
And see, as in a forecast,
Heaven above.

Whatever life may bring me,
I am sure
The comfort of His presence
Will endure.
There may be gloomy valleys,
Wind-swept heights,
Weird noises in the shadows,
Broken lights,
But I will fear no evil,
Christ will be
A Guide, a Friend, a Savior,
Aye to me.

OUT OF UNCERTAINTY AND DOUBT INTO FAITH

[Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Baltimore, with academic, professional, and honorary degrees from the Universities of Pennsylvania, Washington and Lee, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh, holds a place almost alone in his profession. For some twenty years professor of obstetrics and gynecology in Johns Hopkins University, his position has been beyond question the highest in America and Europe, and his published works cause him to be reckoned the most eminent of all authorities in his own field. The following is from Dr. Kelly.]

I have, within the past twenty years of my life, come out of uncertainty and doubt into a faith which is an absolute dominating conviction of the truth and about which I have not a shadow of doubt. I have been intimately associated with eminent scientific workers, have heard them discuss the profoundest questions, have myself engaged in scientific work, and so know the value of such opinions. I was once profoundly disturbed in the traditional faith in which I have been brought up — that of a Protestant Episcopalian—by inroads which were made upon the book of Genesis by the higher critics. I could not then gainsay them, not knowing Hebrew nor archæology well; and to me, as to many, to pull out one great prop was to make the whole foundation uncertain.

So I floundered on for some years trying, as some of my higher critical friends are trying to-day, to continue to use the Bible as the word of God and at the same time hold it of composite authorship, a curious and disastrous piece of mental gymnastics—a bridge over the chasm separating an older Bible-loving generation from a newer Bible-emancipated race. I saw in the book a great light and glow of heat, yet shivered out in the cold.

One day it occurred to me to see what the book had to say about itself. As a short but perhaps not the best method, I took a concordance and looked up "word," when I found that the Bible claimed, from one end to the other, to be the authoritative word of God to man. I then tried the natural plan of taking it as my text-book of religion, as I would a text-book in any science, testing it by submitting to its conditions. I found that Christ himself invites men (John vii. 17) to do this.

I now believe the Bible to be the inspired word of God, inspired in a sense utterly different from that of any merely human book.

I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, without human father, conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; that all men, without exception, are by nature sinners, alienated from God; and when thus utterly lost in sin the Son of God himself came down to earth, and by shedding his blood upon the cross paid the infinite penalty of the guilt of the whole world. I believe he who thus receives Jesus Christ as his Savior is born again spiritually as definitely as in his first birth, and, so born spiritually, has new privileges, appetites, and affections; that he is one body with Christ the Head and will live with him forever. I believe that no man can save himself by good works or by what is commonly known as a "moral life," such works being but the necessary fruits and evidence of the faith within.

Satan I believe to be the cause of man's fall and sin and his rebellion against God as rightful governor. Satan is the prince of all the kingdoms of this world, yet will in the end be cast into the pit and made harmless. Christ will come again in glory to earth to reign, even as he went away from the earth; and I look for his return day by day.

I believe the Bible to be God's word, because, as I use it day by day as spiritual food, I discover in my own life, as well as in the lives of those who likewise use it, a transformation correcting evil tendencies, purifying affections, giving pure de-

sires, and teaching that concerning the righteousness of God which those who do not use it can know nothing of. It is as really food for the spirit as bread is for the body.

Perhaps one of my strongest reasons for believing the Bible is that it reveals to me, as no other book in the world can do, that which appeals to me as a physician, a diagnosis of my spiritual condition. It shows me clearly what I am by nature—one lost in sin and alienated from the life that is in God. I find in it a consistent and wonderful revelation, from Genesis to Revelation, of the character of God, a God far removed from any of my natural imaginings.

It also reveals a tenderness and nearness of God in Christ which satisfies the heart's longings and shows me that the infinite God, Creator of the world, took our very nature upon him that he might in infinite love be one with his people to redeem them. I believe in it because it reveals a religion adapted to all classes and races; and it is intellectual suicide, knowing it, not to believe it.

What it means to me is as intimate and difficult a question to answer as to be required to give reasons for love of father and mother, wife and children. But this reasonable faith gives me a different relation to family and friends, greater tenderness to these, and deeper interest in all men. It takes away the fear of death and creates a bond with those gone before. It shows me God as a Father who perfectly understands, who can give control of appetites and affections and rouse one to fight with self instead of being self-contented.

And if faith so reveals God to me, I go without question wherever he may lead me. I can put his assertions and commands above every seeming probability in life, dismissing cherished convictions and looking upon the wisdom and ratiocinations of men as folly opposed to him. I place no limits to faith when once vested in God, the sum of all wisdom and knowledge, and trust him, though I should have to stand alone before the world in declaring him to be true.—Ex.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

Madame De Stael says: "A religious life is a struggle, and not a hymn." How soon does this practical fact become known to every earnest soul! Yet in the every day combat are there not occasional strains of sweetest music? It is the music of victory. It is the music of life's best elements gliding up to their rightful supremacy. Hence there is a sense in which the very struggles may become a worshipful hymn. But, doubtless, Madame De Stael's idea is that religion is not the stop of an organ to be pulled out for Sunday and then pushed in for the rest of the week. It is, rather, the life, the essential life. It is Christ's vitality in the soul. Hence of necessity it is for every day. Indeed, the "every-day label" is the stamp of its genuineness. We may rightly be distrustful of that occasional religion which is put on and taken off as a movable garment. Evidently without meaning all that might be inferred, the little girl expressed much at the close of her evening prayer. After the usual "Now I lay me down to sleep," she continued: "Good-bye, God; good-bye, Jesus. I'm going to Boston to-morrow." The every-day religion, which is our general theme, is needed no less in summer than at any other season. It is the kind which will make us as careful of our conduct by seaside and on mountain-slope as at home. It is the kind which will serve us as well in New York or London as in a New England village.—Zion's Herald.

THE FAILURE

"But to *fail!*" the girl cried, passionately. "I could have stood anything else. I was willing to work—to sacrifice anything. And then to have it all end this way!"

"You were willing to do anything for God except fail?" her pastor suggested.

The girl looked startled. "But God doesn't want failures," she protested. "He wants strong, shining lives. That's what Christians' lives ought to be — you've preached it again and again."

"Thirty years ago," her pastor answered, "the church to which I belonged had a young people's society. We used to have meetings just before the Sunday evening service. For a year or two the society did good work; then, for some reason, it began to deteriorate. We still had meetings, but there was little interest.

"Our pastor tried one plan after another in vain. Finally, he asked Mattie Crandall to lead the next meeting. I happened to be with her at the time. Mattie was a dear girl—everybody loved her, but she was painfully shy. She could never 'speak' as most of us did — she always read her part; but the leader must speak, and offer prayer as well. Mattie turned absolutely white; then said, in a curious voice, 'I shall fail—I know I shall fail, but if you want me to, I'll do it, even if I do fail.'

"The word spread that Mattie Crandall was to lead, and next Sunday the room was crowded. Everybody was curious to see if Mattie could do it. It was pitiful to see her nervousness, but she got through it somehow until she had begun her prayer; then she broke down. As long as I live I never shall forget the silence that followed; it seemed to last moments, though I suppose it was only a few seconds; then the pastor's voice took up the prayer. After the meeting, when Mattie, with tears in her eyes, stammered something about failing, he cried: 'Child, you haven't failed! God needed you—you will see.'

"She did see. A new spirit came into the meetings. One boy who had been fighting against going into the ministry because he feared he might not succeed in it, gave up the fight that night. He saw clearly that he could not evade it, that what God wanted was a will so completely surrendered that it would be willing even to fail for him."

A silence fell upon the room. Then the pastor asked, gently, "Do you see, child?"

And the girl answered, gravely, "I see—now."—Youth's Companion.

—He who seeks only for applause from without has all his happiness in another's keeping. — Oliver Goldsmith.

BUILT A MONUMENT

The Best Sort in the World

"A monument built by and from Postum," is the way an Illinois man describes himself. He says:

"For years I was a coffee-drinker until at last I became a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, constipation, headaches and indigestion.

"The different kinds of medicine I tried did not cure me, and finally some one told me to leave off coffee and take up Postum. I was fortunate in having the Postum made strictly according to directions on the pkg., so that from the start I liked it.

"Gradually my condition changed. The old troubles disappeared and I began to feel well again. My appetite became good and I could digest food. Now I am restored to strength and health, can sleep sound all night, and awake with a fresh and rested body.

"I am really a monument built by Postum, for I was a physical wreck, distressed in body and mind, and am now a strong, healthy man. I know exactly what made the change: it was leaving off coffee and using Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Postum Cereal — the original form — must be well boiled. 15c. and 25c. packages.

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Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

The Family

CHILD, CHILD

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

Child, child,
The city alleys reek;
By night-time and by day-time
The passing engines shriek,
And murky is the May-time
Where carriers hoot and cry;
Yet here thou hast thy play-time
And hast thy lullaby.

Child, child,
Men say, and poets sing,
"Thy hope of joy, O Woman,
Lies in this single thing.
Of life or love, let no man
Tell thee aught else were best:
Thy joy of joys, O Woman,
Thy child upon thy breast."

Child, child,
Alas! and if it be,
Why sing the joy of mothers
And sing no song of thee?
Who clamors now for others,
Rose-happed though they should lie,
He has not seen thy brothers
Nor heard thy lullaby.

Child, child,
Some say thou'rt doomed to fail.
They cry we do not need thee,
So puny, piteous, pale!
And staying not to feed thee,
They wait their darling's kiss.
Oh, lest they hear or heed thee,
Let them not boast their bliss!

—Scribner's Magazine.

WHEN PARENTS GROW OLD

While so much care and study are devoted to the problems of childhood, not enough attention is paid to those of old age. A serious question of middle life is how to care properly for our dear old parents. As infirmities increase upon them it seems no longer advisable for them to maintain the original old home. The house built for a large family is now too great a care, if not too expensive for a depleted income. We are beset with constant anxieties for their safety and welfare, while they regard our solicitude as wholly unnecessary, and cling tenaciously to their old surroundings and customs.

The matter reaches a climax when death enters and breaks up the home. Then the one who is left becomes a member of the busy modern household of a married son or daughter. If we feel it somewhat of a trial to receive these new members into our homes, let us remember that it is even more of a trial for them to come. We have merely to modify our ways, while they feel that they are beginning life all over again. There is sacrifice on both sides, but it is for those who are younger to conceal the sacrifice until it grows into a privilege and joy.

The problems now multiply. We must provide interests and occupations for our old folks, to replace those of which they are deprived and so make life still worth living. We must try to make them feel they are needed, but if this is impossible, we must surely make them understand how much they are loved. We must make a definite place for them in the home life.

It is something even to see these aims more or less clearly, but they are by no means easily achieved. The domestic routine of the present day is as different as possible from that of a generation ago, and the older folk find it hard to adjust themselves to it. The old-fashioned housekeeper is bewildered by new-fangled ways, and is a bit hurt that her doughnuts and pies are not hailed with the old-time enthusiasm. The modern housekeeper, on the other hand, is apt to be hindered rather than helped by the slow motions of an aged assistant. Failing eyesight cannot detect dust and dirt, nor guide the thread into a fine needle. Unsteady fingers cannot safely handle fragile china. Even answering the doorbell and telephone requires sharper ears and quicker wit than many old people can command.

Because of such difficulties and the "bother" they make — and also because we see how easily our dear old people tire — many decline altogether any proffers of help, and insist that their parents do "nothing but rest." This is the gravest mistake. Nothing in the world is worse for the elderly than inactivity. Nothing makes them age faster than lack of occupation. Far better that Grandfather should get overtired doing an errand, or out of breath watering the garden, than sit listlessly in an armchair or shuffle idly about the yard. Better, too, that Grandmother should get "beat out" washing dishes—or even break a few —than that she should lie down from sheer desire to while away the morning and finally become bed-ridden before her time. And while the bodily functions are growing sluggish from lack of exercise, the heart is breaking from the depressing sense of being useless.

The real tragedy of old age is the fear of being a burden. Let us make any sacrifice, and put forth every effort to save our aged parents from this. A little ingenuity on our part can devise certain prescribed offices which they guard jealously as their own "work" in the family. To answer the regular calls of the postman and paper boy, to give out and take in the laundry, to count the spoons and towels, to keep certain shelves or drawers in order, to supply match-boxes, soap-dishes and pin-cushions, sugar-bowls and salt-cellars with their respective contents, to water the plants and do some parts of the dusting — these are all simple enough tasks, but grasped with pathetic eagerness to be helpful.

The range of amusements as of helpfulness narrows rapidly with the passing years. When going out is limited to favorable weather and certain portions of the day, there must needs be many hours of loneliness. Fortunate are the elderly people who are fond of reading and whose eyesight permits this indulgence, but this must be supplemented by other resources. The story-book grandmother and grandfather find much solace in, knitting and solitaire—tastes which all folk rising seventy should cultivate. Good company and cheerful conversation are the best of all boons to elderly shut-ins. And this is the gift which we busy people are most stingy in dispensing. We do not realize how few minutes we spare out of the day's rushing program for a quiet visit with our dear ones. Surely it is not time wasted. It is as important in our lives and theirs as prayers are—or meals. We should teach the children to be thoughtful in this way. Specially should we confide our plans to the older members of the family—even if they forget them. If we draw them into sympathy with our interests, pursuits and pleasures, they will gradually let our affairs fill the vacancy in their own lives.

Another set of problems has to do with the actual bodily care of the aged — diet, clothing and heating. The heavy family dinner at night is too great a tax on the weakened digestive system, but what tact is required to deny our parents the pleasures of the table they once so enjoyed! The clothing must be warmer than in years of activity, but here, too, it is hard to bring about a change in long-cherished custom. How to suit the temperature to the sluggish system of the old without being debilitating to the normal members of the family is even more perplexing. The best solution is to provide one extra-warm corner to which the elderly people may retire.

Every house ought to be built with a room specially designed for an old person's comfort, large enough for chamber and sitting-room combined. Its furnishings should be in the taste of the occupant, not the owner, and should, if possible, contain some articles from the lost old home. It is of no consequence how ugly or inartistic its contents appear to cultivated eyes. It is too late to inspire in the older generation an enthusiasm for Botticelli or for the Arts

and Crafts. The grandparent's room should have sunny windows with a pleasant outlook. It should have an ample closet to hold many accumulations. It should have a fireplace to bring up the temperature beyond the standard of other rooms. It should be lighted by electricity with a button at the entrance and one at the bedside. It should be near the bathroom and within hearing of the chief caretaker. Should not such an ideal be counted as important as the nursery?—Congregationalist.

A TACTFUL INVITATION

One of the most tactful invitations I have received this season, said a girl who is on a round of country house visits, "was accompanied by a short résumé of the functions that were to take place during my stay, thus enabling me to take clothes suitable to the occasion. After setting the date of my coming and going and giving me choice of several trains at which I would be met, my hostess said: 'There will be a garden party, a concert at the country club, and a picnic lunch in the woods during the week you are here.' I, therefore, provided myself with a fluffy, frilly organdie, a simple evening gown, and something for the picnic which would not show grass stains nor be the worse for briers and brambles.

"Had I gone without an inkling of what was in store for me, I might have prepared to vegetate for a week, carrying with me a trunkful of calicoes and sunbonnets, or something equally inadequate, or have gone to the other extreme—arriving on the scene with all the Paris gowns I possess, appearing at the simple little entertainments provided by my hostess over-dressed, than which nothing is more uncomfortable.

"I wonder why more people do not follow this plan of delicately suggesting what wardrobe a guest shall bring by mentioning the events which will take place during her stay. This would be especially convenient when one visits a place for the first time and is unfamiliar with its social life."—Ex.

THE CRUELTY OF RIDICULING CHILDREN

"When I'm big," announced Sylvia, "I'm going to lecture—" Before the last word was out there was a shout from her brothers and sisters.

"You lecture, Sylvia? Huh, you'd look well on the stage with your pigeon toes!"

"What would you say? Folks have to be born smart to lecture."

"Sylvia's going to be a lecturer, he! he! he!" and so it went on, this storm of ridicule, unchecked by the foolish parents. Sylvia left the table in tears, and was scolded by her mother for being cross. But that was not the end. Poor Sylvia was teased and tormented for weeks, and her ambition ridiculed in the presence of every visitor, until she became sullen and silent.

Sylvia grew to womanhood, and did become a lecturer, and a good one, but to this day she will refuse to speak if any member of her family are in the audience.

"I am awkward and ill at ease in the presence of my family," she says, "because of what they made me suffer from ridicule as a child. I can never do my best or appear to advantage when any of them are present."

Don't you know many cases of the kind? I do, and I know one splendid woman who hates to be where her people are.

"They have made me feel all my life that I was a fool," she declares. "They cannot expect me to be happy or at ease among them."

There is a bit of barbarism in children that makes them ridicule their brothers and sisters, and many unwise parents permit it unreproved, without realizing the lost confidence and diffidence and actual suffering that it causes. I firmly believe that many a life has been spoiled just because a child's confidence in itself has been destroyed by ridicule.

If children are awkward, don't tell them so; put them where they can see grace and be taught to acquire it. We need all the confidence we can muster up in ourselves and others. Don't ridicule anybody for anything. It is wicked and useless, and does untold harm.—Pacific Baptist.

shelf-emptying

Shelf-Emptying is now in progress—a time when we clear out all the surplus, unmindful of the cost or former selling price—by putting a price on everything that will make each individual article sell on sight to the first one who sees it—that's the way we quickly rid our stock of odd lots and surplus—there's a great big value-giving surprise in every department this year—for we are great believers in taking a loss—a big loss and let that loss end it by selling the merchandise picked out to sell, in half the time it would take to sell it at a higher price. Those who know this semi-annual shelf-emptying sale will appreciate the importance of this event. Early choosing is of course the best, so come at your earliest convenience.

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Home and Farm

THE ROAD THROUGH THE WOOD

The woods were dark and the night was black,
And only an owl could see the track;
Yet the cheery driver made his way
Through the great pine woods as if 'twere day.

I asked him, "How do you manage to see?
The road and the forest are one to me."
"To me as well," he replied, "and I
Can only drive by the path in the sky."

I looked above, where the treetops tall
Rose from the road like an ebon wall,
And lo! a beautiful starry lane
Wound as the road wound and made it plain.

And since, when the path of my life is drear
And all is blackness and doubt and fear,
When the horrors of midnight are here below,
And I see not a step of the way to go,
Then, ah! then I can look on high,
And walk on earth by the path in the sky.
—Selected.

WEARING WHITE CLOTHES

Many country ladies draw their faces and declare that they cannot afford to wear white in summer because it adds so much to their work. They go forlornly about in dark garments to save washing, and envy their more fortunate sisters in town, as they regard them. As a matter of fact, some of the farm ladies who take life easiest are the ones who wear white almost exclusively for best in summer.

One country woman who wears white to church and town all summer puts all her white garments in order in the spring and lays them carefully away for later wear. If a petticoat becomes soiled, it is washed and hung straight on the line, but not ironed. For very best, she always can fall back on one petticoat done in the spring. Her dresses are all simple and easily ironed. Of course, the dresses must be ironed, except one of crinkled material, but one dress a week is not a burden.

Another factor in keeping clothes clean is in choosing the right material. The country woman who wants to wear the filmy, sheer fabrics meant only for weddings, receptions and commencements, will, of course, be disappointed. Night air, dust, rain, sunshine, and everything but the calm, quiet existence of a woman with nothing to do, work havoc with filmy gowns, and they are expensive and perishable.

But the heavier goods made up new in spring and well ironed and occasionally pressed will last for weeks. I have frequently worn a new white dress for best all summer and then doubted whether to wash and iron it in the fall. This does not mean that I put it on for every day, but only for occasions. I wear my last year's white frocks for afternoons and for second-best occasions, and usually have as many as four left over from other years. They are out of style, of course, but while they are fresh and cool-looking I do not care for style. I get one new white dress each year, and in that way keep down the expense and still am able to enjoy the hot weather. On cool days I put on an old silk or wool dress, that has seen its best days as a dress-up gown, but is still whole, and save the white for the sunny, hot weather. I never feel overworked on account of shirt-waists and dresses, because I slight the household ironing and the undergarments in favor of the things that show. I know this shocks many good housewives, but it is the truth, and it is comfortable doctrine for hot weather. — Hilda Richmond, in "Indiana Farmer."

HOME-LOVE IN CHILDREN

"How can parents best make their children care more to be at home than to be anywhere else?"

This is a big question, a hundred-sided question, a volume, were it fully answered. Make the home interesting by giving the children plenty to do in it and about it. Children need *work*, regular, important, purposeful work, more work than play. They need play, but they need work—tasks, chores, duties that hold them, that give zest to play when playtime comes, that keeps time stepping lively and crowds the day. Move into the country with your boys. Give one the chickens; another, the pig; another, the yard and wood-pile. There is virtue in *kindling*. If your boys are girls, dismiss the maid and let the daughters cook, set table, sweep, dust—anything, so long as they *work*. "Why, father," said one of my boys the other night, "most of the boys don't go home after school till supper-time. They haven't anything to go home *to*, nothing to do, no place to go except right out on the street. And they just beg us to go with them, and walk up and down the street with them."

The day isn't long enough for my boys. Home is the most fascinating spot on the globe, with all their chores, the live creatures to be fed and loved, the out-loud reading, the range of the fields and woods, and the endless work in the garden. A child has a moral right to be born and set free in the country, where home is not a flat, nor a number, nor a sidewalk, nor a "moving-picture" show. Give the child a *home*.—Home Progress.

ECONOMY AND CORNED-BEEF HASH

When women in a church want to make money they generally plan a church supper. When a club wants to undertake some business, it may open a lunch-room. Women are all the time undertaking to feed people for the sake of making some money, and sometimes, in spite of bad management, they make some money, for no other reason than because their supplies are contributed.

If a business of this sort is to be permanent and successful, there must be, first, an economical manager.

One club of fifty women, 500 of them, realized this when, several years ago, they planned to furnish a luncheon every day to hundreds of school children, no dish to be over five cents and some to be much less. The economical manager has enabled the club to do an almost charitable act and to add $1,000 a year to its treasury. The serving of from 500 to 700 children—in two divisions—all within forty minutes, has been done so methodically and without confusion that people journey far to see a performance which goes on as naturally and easily as breathing, nobody flustered, few paid workers, and practically everybody satisfied.

Excellent bread and some rolls, or something like a bran muffin, hot baked beans—a peck before cooking—are every day furnished. There are always several vegetables, salads, dessert, and coffee, cocoa and milk—the two latter are served for three cents in order that the children may take these instead of coffee. Corned-beef hash, which was at first served but once a week, is now served daily, and some children always take it, as others take the beans. There are other meat dishes, but the hash, like the beans, is staple.—Ex.

HOW A FARMER'S WIFE MADE A CONCRETE SINK

Many a country housewife envies her city sisters the greater kitchen convenience afforded by connection with a sewer. The sink alone saves so much in time and strength as to make a great difference in the day's work.

A resourceful woman who realized this, yet felt that they could ill afford the expense of sink and connections, has provided for herself a substitute that answers every requirement. She had seen the men folk mix concrete for making troughs around the barn, from which was born the idea.

Having on hand two starch boxes, she proceeded to cut one down to the proportions of the average sink,

about eighteen by thirty inches in size and six inches deep, having the bottom an inch smaller than the top. This she set, small side up, in another box just two inches larger all around than the first one. A tin funnel was set on top of the smaller box at one end.

Concrete in the proportion of one part cement to three of sand was now filled in all around the sides between the two boxes and spread over the bottom of the smaller box, fitting it in closely around the funnel, which, however, she took care not to disturb. When the cement hardened the boxes were removed, leaving a cement form for sink. Heavy iron brackets screwed to the kitchen wall supported the sink. A piece of large-size hose then fitted to the funnel, running down through a hole in the floor and emptying outside at some distance from the house.—Farm and Fireside.

BEGIN EARLY

The child's tendencies should be carefully watched, and everything in him which appears vicious or unpleasant should be nipped in the bud.

If a child is careless of his toys and breaks and defaces them, the proper punishment is to take them from him and say he cannot have them for a certain period of time, and then give them to him when he promises to take care of them. It is a bad policy to be continually buying new toys for a child who is destructive and disobedient; these are not qualities to be encouraged by frequent rewards of gifts.

If a child is cruel and domineering to his little associates, he should be sternly reproved and taught to behave gently and humbly. Boys should be taught to be tender and chivalrous to all girls, and particularly to their sisters. Children who treat their pets roughly and cruelly should be deprived of them. No right-minded person places a little helpless dumb creature in the power of young children who are cruel through ignorance or through a vicious nature. The treatment of pets should be watched by the mothers of children having them. Be careful how you criticise the efforts of the children. The clipped wing never grows again. Make it a matter of conscience never to mislead a child, for he is a traveler newly arrived from a strange country. Allow him as his world widens to have opinions of his own; let him be a personality, not a mere echo. Make your home the center of attraction to your children; let them feel drawn to you and it, like the needle to the pole. Respect the secrets of your children, but do not worry them to confide in you. —The Home Helper.

IN ALL THE WORLD there's no other thumb that can make this print.
There may be thumbs that look like it—but there's no thumb that can make the same *impression.*
In all the world there is no beverage that can successfully imitate
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
There may be beverages that are made to look like it—but there is no beverage that can make the same delightful *impression* on your palate.
Demand the genuine by full name—and avoid disappointment.
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Whenever you see an Arrow, think of Coca-Cola

VEGETABLES AS MEDICINE

The following information may be useful to some, if not to many: Spinach has a direct effect upon the kidneys. The common dandelion, used as greens, is excellent for the same trouble. Asparagus purges the blood. Celery acts admirably upon the nervous system, and is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. Tomatoes act upon the liver. Beets and turnips are excellent upon the system. Onions, garlic, leeks, olives and shalots, all of which are similar, possess medicinal virtues of marked character, stimulating the circulatory system and the consequent increase of the saliva and the gastric juice, promoting digestion. Red onions are an excellent diuretic, and the white ones are recommended to be eaten raw as a remedy for insomnia. They are a tonic and nutritious. A soup made from onions is regarded by the French as an excellent restorative in debility of the digestive organs.—Scientific American.

THE KITCHEN

O little room, wherein my days go by
Each like each, yet each one set apart
For special duties—nearest to my heart
Art thou of all the house—in thee I try
New issues when the old ones go awry,
And with new victories allay the smart
Of dismal failures; and afresh I start
With courage new to conquer or to die.
O simple walls, no pictures break thy calm!
O simple floor uncarpeted below!
The inward eye has visions for its balm,
And duty done is solace for all woe.
And every modest tool that hangs in view
Is fitted for the work it has to do.

—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Young Women

LISTEN

BY ABRAM J. RYAN

We borrow,
In our sorrow,
From the sun of some to-morrow
Half the light that gilds to-day;
And the splendor
Flashes tender
O'er hope's footsteps to defend her
From the fears that haunt the way.

We never
Here can sever
Any now from the forever
Interclasping near and far!
For each minute
Holds within it
All the hours of the infinite,
As one sky holds every star.

THE PRIZE NO ONE EXPECTED

"There," said Dora, the tears gathering in her eyes, while the brave smile on her lips strove to discount them, "there goes my last chance of any prize at all."

"It's too bad." The words came from a group of girls who all spoke the same well-worn phrase with varying accents of sympathy. "I don't see how you can keep on with school at all!"

"I can't be regular, that's certain," admitted the object of their compassion, a slim, pretty girl of fifteen; "but I'll do my best — and Miss Mason understands—which is a comfort."

"Yes, I know. The rest of the group fell back as Clare Willett, Dora Carter's especial friend, put her arms about the slender shoulders. But you only graduate once in your life—and to be the single girl who doesn't have a prize at all. *Why* must Dicky choose *now* to break his arm?" she added so fiercely that Dora smiled. When you are downhearted, however, there are more endearing traits than reasonableness, and Clare's strong feeling comforted her.

"He couldn't help it," she said more cheerfully than she had yet spoken. He told me he had 'yumped the one step, and yumped the two step, and he *fought* he could yump the three step'—bless him!"

Dora Carter, Clare Willett, and a few other girls of the town attended a private school, chiefly because their mothers had attended it also when there was no high school; and Miss Mason, proving herself quite up-to-date and in keeping with modern requirements, had endeared herself to pupils of both generations to such a degree that no one criticized the parents of the second. Her diploma, moreover, admitted to more than one college, and was highly valued. Her prizes stood for many things. No scholarship could win you one if your moral standard and social deportment wasn't all it should be.

This year the class which called itself "Seniors" — strange word to apply to those active young forms and fresh young faces — numbered five; and there were five prizes, always. From the beginning of the year the girls had been sure of their destination. Margaret Brown would have the "Math." No one had had her reasoning power! Lucy Dean's specialty was knowledge of foreign tongues — she headed the Latin, French, and German classes. The English, the Science, and the General Knowledge all seemed to belong to Dora. At Christmas neither Clare nor Isabel hoped for any.

Then a series of misfortunes came which put Dora out of the running for the Science. Her mother's serious illness kept her at home during the most important experiments; but Clare's unlooked-for proficiency rejoiced Dora more than her loss troubled her.

At Easter a married sister brought two babies to be cared for, while she herself went with her husband down to Mexico, to try if living there would be possible for their precious little ones. Dora did not often miss her classes, but her preparation time seemed *nil*. She fell so behind in her theme work!—themes take thought, time, and a concentration to which babies are strongly opposed!—and it was soon evident that Isabel seemed in line for that prize. But the General Knowledge still lured Dora on to early-rising study, to odd-moment study, and to the seizing of every opportunity to add to her score of "Madam How and Lady Why." The sister came back and claimed her babies. Peace and plenty (of time) seemed well within view, when five-year-old Dicky broke his arm. Her mother was not yet strong enough to do much nursing, the family purse was sadly depleted, and Dora gave up all hope of the General Knowledge prize, for which Margaret seemed now the probable contestant.

Dora was a bright, unselfish girl, but she could not always keep back the tears that would come as day after day went by and she had to go unprepared to what classes she was able to attend, nor could she always conquer a certain impatience with Dickey—not impatience of manner or action, but of feeling. He really was spoiled, she told herself. Then the big blue eyes would grow wistful as the sensitive little fellow felt a change in his nurse, and Dora, full of remorse, would double her attentions.

At last, just two weeks before Commencement, she had a talk with Miss Mason.

"You had better stay at home altogether, my dear," said that lady. How Dora loved the lined face, so strong and sweet under its silver hair! "I am sorry—very—for your disappointment. But you are learning other lessons, of equal value with English and Science — perhaps of greater value. Come here on Tuesday, the day before Commencement."

Dora wondered at this request. On the day before Commencement, Miss Mason usually requested her pupils to rest.

It was with a feeling of relief that the girl abandoned all her beloved lessons and gave herself up to the household duties she always found tedious, though she did them pretty faithfully. She swept and dusted; she washed and ironed the lighter things; she sewed at her white Commencement gown, though it hardly interested her.

"I hope you will have another kind of prize, some day, dear—you deserve it," said her pale, fragile mother, as she watched her.

Dora, smiling, said: "You're a nice enough prize, Mother, and Dicky's another!"

But on Monday night — after a hard day she was extra tired—it suddenly seemed to Dora that, as she said to herself, "the bottom fell out of everything!" She pictured the often-rehearsed graduation day—the music, the addresses, the giving of the diplomas and prizes; and it seemed very unjust that she, who had worked whenever she could, must sit among the undistinguished many, and not among the distinguished few.

"The others who get no prizes have had a good time going along," she said to herself. "I've had neither."

Then a thought came to her. She need not go to Commencement at all. She did not view this in the light of a temptation. It seemed merely an escape from a disagreeable position. She went to sleep rather relieved.

But when she told her mother the next day of her determination, she saw the sweet face sadden.

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Carter, "I am so sorry. I did not know it meant as much to you as that."

"I've no prize—not even a diploma," urged Dora, passionately. "I should feel so *disgraced*, Mother. I want to keep out of it all."

"I won't ask you to do a thing you don't wish to—when my illness and Lucy's babies and Dicky's arm have kept you from your just re-

ward," replied her mother; "but I am sorry—not only for your loss, but that it seems so hard for you."

Then Dora understood that her way of escape was a temptation—a temptation to indulge in bitterness, to give way to repining. She was not able to speak for a few minutes, but she put away the breakfast things and made Dicky clean and tidy for the day. Then she heard the clock strike nine, with a start. If she made herself go to the Commencement festivities, she must also go to Miss Mason this morning, and not telephone her wish to stay at home. So she hurriedly slipped on her coat and hat and ran to her mother, compelling herself to speak brightly:

"I'm going, Mother, dear. It would be a shame to miss Clare's Commencement, and the other girls', just because mine isn't all I want it."

She was rewarded by the smile in her mother's eyes.

"Why, what is all this?"

The words burst from her astonished lips. She was shown into a large room, sometimes used for extra classes, but now newly furnished with six gas stoves, six tables with cupboards, and six sets of pots and pans.

"It means," explained Miss Mason, "that I am installing a Domestic Science department. It will be a senior and post-graduate course. To-day, under my instruction, you will contend for a scholarship."

Such a merry hour and a half they had! But to Dora it was at once play and work-play (because of the ease with which her practised fingers worked) and work (because she wanted that scholarship). For, if she won it, she could with a clear conscience stay at home next year, instead of finding employment—employment that might, perhaps, perforce take her away from her loved ones.

"A committee of my friends will pronounce judgment," declared Miss Mason.

The next day dawned so cloudless, so blue, so beautiful, that Dora felt her heart lighter than she had thought possible. Her mother and Dicky were debating as to the advisability of attending the exercises, when the matter was settled by the arrival of Miss Mason's little electric—to take them.

The large hall was packed with people; the graduates and younger scholars filled the platform.

As the exercises went on, Dora schooled herself to rejoice for her friends—especially for Clare, whose look at her made her feel how true and loyal a heart was loving her—as they took their prizes.

Of course, you know what is coming? No, not quite!

"A friend to domesticity," announced Miss Mason, "has promised a sixth prize from now on—for Domestic Science! She wishes, however, to give one this year to the winner of the D.S. scholarship—Dora Carter, whose cake yesterday was pronounced to distance all competitors."

So Dora, quite unexpectedly, left her seat and went forward to receive a large and handsome book. She was not the "only graduate without a prize," after all.

For that is another surprise I have kept for you. She *did* graduate. When Miss Mason advised her staying at home for the last two weeks, she had discovered that pass-marks were sure.

"Oh," said Dora, as, with Dicky on her lap, she whirled home by her mother's side in the little electric, "suppose I had *sulked*—as I wanted to—and not gone yesterday!"

"Any one whose efforts are, in the main, to do right is often kept from falling," said her mother, gently. "And I am so glad that your home duties, so well done, have received a reward, and that the reward was public, and an honor, too!"—Christian Register.

AUNT JANE'S SPELLING

"Sensitive, is she?" repeated Aunt Jane. "She'd better get over it as quickly as possible."

Mabel and Gertrude looked at each other, but Aunt Jane's eyes were bent on her sewing, and she said no more.

After a little silence Gertrude ventured: "I should as soon think she could get over being tall or blue-eyed. Some people are born with sensitive nerves and some are not, I suppose."

Aunt Jane's voice was a bit more energetic than usual as she said: "Were you born playing that lovely piece you gave us on the piano last night?"

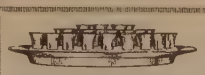
Both girls laughed, thinking of the hours of patient practice Gertrude had given the nocturne after all her years of study.

"Not exactly, auntie," she answered. "That was born of years of anguish and toil."

"And don't you suppose," queried Aunt Jane, carefully matching her bias stripes, "that one can train nerves as well as fingers?"

The girls looked at each other again, and finally admitted that it might be possible.

"I remember," Aunt Jane continued, "when Brother Tom laughed at some biscuits I made. I cried, and Tom was rebuked and sent from the table in disgrace. I should have been taught to laugh, too. I couldn't bear to have Tom prick the bubble of my conceit. Sensitive should be spelled s-e-l-f-i-s-h a good many times."—Morning Star.



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Young Men

HEADS, HEARTS, AND HANDS

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY

Heads that think and hearts that feel,
Hands that turn the busy wheel,
Make our life worth living here,
In this mundane hemisphere;
Heads to plan what hearts shall do,
Hearts to bear us bravely through—
Thinking head and toiling hand
Are the masters of the land.

When a thought becomes a thing,
Busy hands make hammers ring
Until honest work has wrought
Into shape the thinker's thought,
Which will aid to civilize
And make nations great and wise,
Lifting to a lofty height
In this age of thought and light.

Miracles of science show
With their light the way to go;
Touch a tube of gas, and light
Blossoms like the stars of night;
Touch another tube, and lo!
Streams of crystal waters flow;
Touch a telegraphic wire,
And your thought has wings of fire.

Hail to honest hearts and hands,
And to the head that understands;
Hands that dare to truth subscribe,
Hands that never touched a bribe;
Hearts that hate a deed unjust,
Hearts that other hearts can trust;
Heads that plan for others' weal,
Heads poised over hearts that feel.
—Ex.

MARRIAGE

The wedding is over. Your marriage, my young friends, is an important step. Yes, it is an important step for you, but its chief significance is not in relation to yourselves, but in relation to society. I would not have you be so selfish as to be thinking chiefly about yourselves. Selfishness has kept many a man from doing his duty by getting married, and selfishness has kept many married folks from fulfilling their mission in human society. Buying the wedding ring is a more momentous purchase than buying anything else into which you may put your money. If you buy a house that doesn't suit you, you can sell it at the purchaser's price or let the building association take it back; if you put your money into an auto that ought to go but won't, you can scrap it; if your new coat doesn't fit, you can give it to the Salvation Army; but if the wedding ring has been put on the hand of the wrong person, it is a mistake that only death can rectify. But it is the relation of your new home to the welfare of the race that is chiefly significant. The welfare of the race is closely connected with the new family begun at your marriage. Races do not survive in individuals. Neither do they thrive in selfish marriages.

"A Vanishing Race" is the subject of an essay by William Carleton. He tells of two men now about forty. One is named Bradford, and his ancestors came over in the Mayflower. The other is named Burke, and he came over in the steerage of a Cunarder. "Burke married when he was twenty years old. He was making ten and one-half dollars a week, which is too little to marry on. But that did not disturb him. He did not reason much about the matter; neither did he figure. He loved Kitty and he married her as a matter of instinct, as a matter of course, as a matter of youth. When you apply ten dollars and fifty cents a week conscientiously to shelter and food and clothes, it is amazing how far it will go, even to-day." Mr. Carleton goes on to tell how the Burke home began to shelter children. This again was a matter of instinct, a matter of course, a matter of youth. Somehow they got on. Burke and his wife both worked, he out in the world and she in the home. Now he owns a little home and has seven children. Bradford, a son of old New England, was an only child. He went through college and graduated at twenty-two, and during his senior year fell in love. He did not marry. He studied law for three years. Even then he did not marry because he couldn't afford it. He figured that a man should not marry on an income less than $2,500. The girl waited for him. It was five years before he was earning two thousand a year. Then he married and went into an apartment house. They were thirty when their only child was born, and he is likely to be brought up as his father was. It is the American Bradford's one child over against the Irishman's seven. The race of Bradfords will vanish. What race shall take its place? "Shall there be a pitiful little middle-class version of old Rome and the Huns?" asks this writer.

Young folks want to start in where their parents leave off. That ambition often results in one or more of several evils. The desire to begin housekeeping with a complete establishment often deters young people from getting married when they ought to be united and building a home together. Often when they do marry, it leads to tying a millstone of debt about their necks. "My daughter is in the hospital," said a father not long ago. "She was very foolish. When she married, she and her husband felt that they must have everything at once, and they went into debt for expensive furniture. In order to get out of debt, she went to work in a store, and now she is in the hospital. And with all their big indebtedness," added this father, "they didn't have much. They were not content to begin like we did. Extravagance in buying when beginning a new home does not always result as in this case, but it does usually tie about the necks of the young people a millstone of debt that sometimes drags them down. Better begin like Henry Ward Beecher did. He believed in early marriage and in beginning humbly, probably because his own experience left a happy memory. He once said: "I tell you, there are pleasures which many young married people miss. I would not give up the first two years of my married life for all I have now. I live in a big house, with a brownstone front, and very fairly furnished; but after all, among the choicest experiences of my life were those which I passed through in Indiana, when I hired two chambers upstairs; and all my furniture was given to me and was second-handed, at that; and when the very clothes which I had on my back had been worn by Judge Birney before me. We were not able to hire a servant. We had to serve ourselves. It was a study every day how to get along with our small means—and it was a study never to be forgotten."

There is another folly in connection with present-day marriage customs. It is the series of showers that is inflicted by the friends of the bride-to-be on their mutual friends. There is something very beautiful about the friendship of young girls, and there would be nothing inappropriate in the social recognition of this friendship, but when it must be celebrated in a series of showers, often including the same persons in several of them, it becomes a tax on the resources of young folks, which is both foolish and unnecessary. The prospective bride may not be able to prevent it, and may indeed be merely coming to her own, in view of what she has endured previously, but there ought to be some way to stop such a custom.

In every new home that is established, there is a question as to whether the higher ideals shall prevail and lift the home upward, or whether it shall be dragged down. A well-known preacher once related this experience: "Just after I was stationed in my first pastorate, I married one of my Christian young men to a worldly-minded, un-Christian girl, and a short time afterwards I married one of my Christian girls to a worldly-minded man. My heart trembled for both homes. Before six months had passed away, the Christian girl had brought her

worldly husband to Christ, and he had joined the church. Before the end of a year the gay and giddy girl had taken her husband out of the church, and he was going arm in arm with her to hell." This incident hints at the great risk that is taken when one marries a person whose unchanged course would lead to moral ruin. It also hints at the fact that in most cases the influence of the woman, either for good or for evil, is likely to be the stronger one. —Watchword.

FARMER-BOYS WHO WON OUT

Nearly every one of our captains of industry had little capital to begin with except a splendid physical foundation. At a recent luncheon in New York given by the Hon. A. Barton Hepburn in honor of Mr. Harry Chandler, of the Los Angeles "Times," twenty successful leaders of banking and railway industries sat about the table. A majority of them, including Judge E. H. Gary, of the Steel Corporation; F. W. Woolworth, the originator of the Five and Ten Cent Stores; Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance Company; and Frederick T. Haskell, vice-president of the Illinois Trust Company of Chicago, confessed that they had begun life as farmer-boys. These are samples of the farmer-boys struggling in their early days for an education, and some of them for an existence, who have never stopped to mark time, but have always gone forward to lead the advancing procession of prosperity.

Take the single instance of Mr. Woolworth, with his 800 Five and Ten Cent Stores scattered all over the country. He was still working on a farm up in Jefferson county, New York, after he had passed his majority. For three years he had tried to get a clerkship in a store in Watertown, N. Y., and at twenty-six had achieved that ambition. Alert, wide-awake, and eager for an opportunity, he was deeply impressed one day by the rapidity with which a new five-and-ten-cent bargain-counter, filled with odds and ends, was swept clean by a crowd of eager purchasers. The idea of a five-and-ten-cent store was thus implanted in Mr. Woolworth's mind.

He opened one in Utica. It was a success, and he made up his mind to try in a new field where competition would be at the minimum, and selected Lancaster, Pa., as the place to make the big attempt to try out his idea. He had about $300 worth of goods, and on the first day disposed of over a third of these and wired for duplication of his first order. This was in 1879. Five-and-ten-cent stores sprang up all over the country, only to melt away and disappear; but Woolworth plodded on, developing his business, and in ten years had placed it on as firm a foundation as that upon which the Woolworth Building in New York, his everlasting monument, now rests. —Leslie's Weekly.

WHEN IT'S "THE OTHER FELLOW"

Have you ever noticed? When the Other Fellow acts that way, he is "ugly"; when you do, it's "nerves." When the Other Fellow is set in his ways, he's "obstinate"; when you are, it is just "firmness," remarks "Life."

When the Other Fellow doesn't like your friends, he's "prejudiced"; when you don't like his, you are simply showing that you are a good judge of human nature.

When the Other Fellow tries to treat someone especially well, he is "toadying"; when you try the same game, you are using "tact."

When the Other Fellow takes time to do things, he is "dead slow"; when you do it, you are "deliberate."

When the Other Fellow spends a lot, he is a "spendthrift"; when you do, you are "discriminating."

When the Other Fellow holds too tight to his money, he is "close"; when you do, you are "prudent."

When the Other Fellow dresses extra well, he's a "dude"; when you do, it is simply "a duty one owes to society."

When the Other Fellow runs great risks in business, he's "foolhardy"; when you do, you are a "great financier."

When the Other Fellow says what he thinks, he's "spiteful"; when you do, you are "frank."

When the Other Fellow won't get caught in a new scheme, he's "backwoodsy"; when you won't, you are "conservative."

When the Other Fellow goes in for music and pictures and literature, he's "effeminate"; when you do, you are "artistic."

FAREWELL

I am forever haunted by one dread,
That I may suddenly be swept away,
Nor have the leave to see you, and to say,
Good-by; then this is what I would have said:
I have loved summer, and the longest day;
The leaves of June, the slumberous film of heat,
The bees, the swallow, and the waving wheat,
The whistling of the mowers in the hay.
I have loved words which lift the soul with wings,
Words that are windows to eternal things.
I have loved souls that to themselves are true,
Who cannot stoop and know not how to fear,
Yet hold the talisman of pity's tear:
I have loved these because I have loved you. —Maurice Baring.

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For the Children

THE RAGGEDY MAN

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

O the Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y the Raggedy Man—he's ist so good,
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do.
He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—
An' 'nother 'n', fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer the Raggedy Man.
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers therselves!
An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way down in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, or 'Lizabuth Ann!
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time, when he
Wuz makin' a little bow'n'-orry fer me,
Says: "When you're big like your Pa is,
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—
Er what air you go' to be, goodness knows!"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says: "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

PETE'S PICNIC

"Pete Farnum's just the meanest boy that ever was," said Tom to his friend Robert, as they walked home from school together. "If it hadn't been for his stealing my map, that I worked so hard over, I should have had a hundred in geography. Pa said he'd give me a bicycle if I had a perfect record this month, and I did want one so much. It's just too mean for anything. There he goes now with that miserable cur of his. It's the only thing he cares about, I believe. I'd like to scatter a little of that Rough on Rats, accidentally, you know, where that dog'll be liable to run across it. Capital scheme, isn't it? Why don't you say something." he added impatiently, as Robert made no reply.

"I was just thinking, Tom; Mother said the other day she didn't believe Pete got half enough to eat. You know his uncle is awful stingy and makes him work all the time he's out of school. Maybe he wouldn't be so mean if he was just chock full of meat and pie and things, like you and me."

"Don't be a softy, Rob! I guess you wouldn't stand it to lose a bicycle; but you have one, so of course you don't care."

"O Tom! you know I do, and you may ride mine lots, if you don't get one. You don't really mean what you said about Rough on Rats, do you? Some other dog might get killed with it, you know."

"I'm bound to get even with him somehow," returned Tom, clenching his fists.

"All right," said Rob, "I'll be around after supper, and perhaps we'll think up something."

An hour later, as Tom was swallowing his last mouthful of gingerbread, he heard a familiar whistle and left the table to join his chum. They went out to the barn, their favorite resort for a conference. Rob said:

"Suppose we go up the river in my boat Saturday and spend the day. We could take along fishing tackle and a big basket of grub and"—

"Good," interrupted Tom.

"And — and" — continued Rob pulling out a long wisp of hay and twisting it around his finger, "how would it do to invite Pete to go too?"

"Give him a ducking, shall we?" answered Tom.

"I wasn't thinking of that," returned Rob. "You know what Miss Bowers said last Sunday about doing good to those that hate us. She said if we didn't feel like loving our enemies, we could at least do them some kindness, and maybe the love would come afterwards."

"Yes, I remember," slowly replied Tom, whose anger had cooled considerably since supper. "I thought then I'd try that way; and I most wished I had a real genuine enemy to practice it on, but I wasn't thinking of a mean sneak like Pete. His uncle wouldn't let him go, anyhow."

"I think we could fix that all right. He has a job of sawing wood just now, and we could help him out with that and so get him off for a day."

"Saw wood for Pete Farnum! not if I know myself!"

"Mother said," pursued Rob, regardless of the interruption, "that she couldn't help being kind o' sorry for Pete. His father and mother are dead and his uncle's awful hard on him. I guess it's pretty tough on a fellow to live as Pete has to."

"Maybe 'tis," admitted Tom, "but he needn't be quite so mean for all that. Still it's your boat, and I suppose you can invite him if you want to."

"But it's your picnic as well as mine, and I'm not going to invite anybody you don't want. 'Twould spoil all the fun."

"Halloo, Pete," said Tom, overtaking him on the way to school a day or two later, "Rob and I are going up the river Saturday for a picnic. How would you like to go along too?"

"I'd just as leaves," replied Pete cautiously, "only Uncle won't let me."

"Yes, he will, for I've asked him, and he said you could go if you finished sawing that wood first. Rob and I are coming around after school to help you do that, so that you can get off Saturday."

"But you take your own grub to a picnic, don't you?" asked Pete, a new difficulty presenting itself.

"Mother's going to fix that all right," said Tom. "There'll be enough for all hands. Besides we're going to fish you know. We'll have a ripping time, I tell you."

Pete, to whom the prospect of a holiday was a tempting one, fell in with the plan, though secretly resolved to be on his guard, for he half suspected some trick.

Saturday dawned clear and bright, and after the three boys were fairly on their way, Pete's silent suspicion yielded to the frank good-humor of his companions. He was quite willing to do his share of the rowing, and he proved a more successful fisherman than either of the other boys. They had a glorious time in the woods playing wild Indian and roasting their fish over an open fire. But the crowning pleasure of all came when they opened those lunch baskets. Such sandwiches and doughnuts as they contained; and to finish off with, three large apple turnovers, each with an initial of one of the boys pricked on the top!

When Rob had gone down to the spring to get some fresh water, Pete, holding the half-eaten turnover in his hand, said suddenly to Tom, "Did you know 'twas me that took your map the other day?"

"I kind o' thought so," replied Tom quietly.

"Then you're a brick, a genuine gilt-edged brick, and I'm a fool, that's what I be; Uncle is always calling me that. But wasn't you mad with me, Tom?"

"Yes, I guess I was awfully at first; but never mind — come — let's talk about something else. I don't believe you would do it again."

"You bet I wouldn't, not after the way you've treated me to-day. But I ain't going to stop talking about it neither, not till I've told the teacher 'twas your map not mine I gave her last week."

Pete was as good as his word. So it came about that just as Tom was beginning to think he might possibly love his enemy, he found that he had no enemy to love, for Pete was ever after one of his most devoted friends.—Congregationalist.

A GIVE-AWAY PICNIC

BY NELLIE M. LEONARD

Lucy thought it was too lovely a morning to stay in the house, so she ran over to ask Muriel to go for a walk.

"All right," agreed Muriel; "let's take our dolls in their carriages."

Robert saw them passing by.

"Wait!" he called. "I'm going to ask mamma if I can go. Want me, too? I'll bring my Teddy-bear and we'll have a procession."

He soon ran out to the sidewalk. Teddy was bouncing about in his little wheel-barrow.

"There's Florence," said Lucy. "We'll ask her to go with us."

Soon the four little people were trudging merrily along. They picked the wild flowers growing by the roadside and watched the birds flitting among the bushes. At the brook they stopped to toss in some pebbles.

By and by the houses looked strange.

"I think we never came as far before," said Muriel. "The people who live in these old houses must be poor."

"Just see those ragged, dirty children!" exclaimed Florence. They were playing in the gutter with some old tin cans.

"Let's go back," proposed Lucy as the strange children crowded about their doll-carriages.

"I ain't got no doll," said a little red-headed girl. "Let me hold yours a minute, will you?"

"Your hands are too dirty," objected Muriel.

"You may take mine," said Florence, "for she has a dark dress. Don't drop her."

"It's my turn next!" cried another.

"It must be fine to have store playthings," said a ragged, bare-foot boy who was looking wistfully on. "Say, young feller, where'd you git that wheelbarrow?"

"My uncle made it for me," replied Robert. "I bring in wood and do lots of work with it. Why don't you ask your papa to get you one."

"Huh! My pa won't bother. He ain't got 'nough money. 'Taint fair for you kids to have so much!"

"I'll let you wheel it far as that store and back if you won't spill Teddy," offered Robert.

"We must go home now," decided Lucy. "It will soon be luncheon time."

"That boy was right," said Robert when they had left the ragged little group behind. "It doesn't seem fair for us to have so many toys if they haven't any. Why don't they have playthings, too?"

"Prob'ly their fathers are lazy, or sick," explained Florence.

"Then those poor children aren't to blame. Say, let's have a Give-away! I had two harmonicas and three automobiles for Christmas, besides all the rest. My mamma won't care if I give away some things."

"That's fine!" agreed Lucy. "Let's have a picnic for them in our grove. We'll ask Mildred, Willie, Earle and May to come, and everyone bring something to give the poor children."

"We'll each bring a lunch box for two and share with those poor children," planned Muriel. "I hope their mothers will wash their faces."

"Each girl must bring one of her dolls. I'll have to make some new clothes," said Florence.

"Do you suppose they'll come?" asked Robert.

"We'll mention the lunch," laughed Lucy, "and they'll be sure to come."

And so one beautiful Summer day eight children with their arms full of toys and lunch boxes hurried over to Mr. Cordis' grove.

"I hope they'll all come," said Muriel. "It isn't time for half an hour, so we've lots of time to fix everything."

"Guess they won't be late," laughed Robert, who had run ahead and stood on top of the hill looking down. "They're all here. And they've combed their hair!"

Their little guests ran eagerly to meet them. Their faces were scrubbed clean. Some even had their dresses neatly patched.

Such a merry time as they had over the toys! There were dolls for the girls and a harmonica, jack-knife and toy auto for the three boys. They played games and swung in the big rope swings.

When the noon whistles blew at the Douglas factory, the luncheon boxes were opened and sixteen hungry little folk shared the feast together. Robert and Earle brought water from the spring hidden among ferns at the foot of the hill.

When the shadows grew long, the poor children gathered up their precious toys and they all started home.

"That give-away picnic was the nicest one I ever went to," said Lucy.

"Little Molly and Dick Ryan said the same thing," replied Robert, "so I guess it must be true."—The Child's Hour.

A CLEVER ELEPHANT

A gentleman who lived in India for many years tells an interesting story of the cleverness of an elephant which he owned.

This gentleman had two small sons, to whom the elephant took a great fancy. So devoted was this elephant that the father felt perfectly safe in leaving his little boys in its care.

One day the elephant and the two boys went off on a tramp together. They remained away so long, however, that the father became anxious, and finally went to look for them. After searching for some time he came to the river-bank, and there a funny sight met his eyes.

The great elephant was standing knee-deep in the mud, with a happy small boy squatting on either side of him, and all three were fishing just as hard as they could. The boys held their rods in their hands, and their companion held his with his trunk. By and by the elephant's line gave a flop, and the boys crowded up to see whether it really meant that he had caught a fish. He had, and while the big brute watched them solemnly they pulled out the line, detached the fish, and then, putting on another worm, gravely handed the rod back to its owner.—Herald and Presbyter.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE TOAD

The toad lives from ten to forty years, and it can lay over a thousand eggs a year. It has lived two years without food, but cannot live long under water. It never takes dead or motionless food. It captures and devours wasps, yellow-jackets, ants, beetles, worms, spiders, snails, bugs, grasshoppers, crickets, weevils, caterpillars, moths, etc. In twenty-four hours the toad consumes enough food to fill its stomach four times. A single toad will in three months devour over 10,000 insects. If every ten of these would have done one cent damage the toad has saved ten dollars. Evidently the toad is a valuable friend to the farmer, gardener, and fruit-grower, and can be made especially useful in the green-house, garden, and berry patch.—Dumb Animals.

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By Rev. N. B. Cooksey

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Science and Health

GET RID OF DUST

Where does all the dust come from? That is the wail of the weary housewife throughout the land. Windows open or windows closed, the dust slips in. Dust means not only dirt and stain, but most of all disease. Why?

As we commonly think of it, dust is fine earth carried about by the wind. In reality it is composed of many things: mineral matter, particles from the ravages of the elements upon the rocks, pieces of dead animal and vegetable matter, fibers from clothing, pulverized excrement from animals, the pollen of plants and minute vegetable organisms known as bacteria, molds and wild yeasts—all of which, if left to their own devices, are capable of developing and growing into fungous forms. Sometimes they do not develop for a long period, but if given moisture and a dark corner what do we find? That piece of bread left in the closet for a week is covered with mold, and for the same reason we discover that the preserve jar, thoughtlessly left uncovered, has become a germinated mass of fungous growth.

Of this trio of organisms—bacteria, molds and wild yeasts—the most numerous are the bacteria. The general idea of these small forms of life is that they are dangerous, but there are good bacteria as well as bad ones, the former often having been called "nature's scavengers," as many times they silently convert matter into harmless substances and help us in our search for health.

It is the disease-breeding bacteria that the housewife must fight against—those coming from foul conditions, such as should never exist in a house where there is plenty of sunlight and fresh, pure air to aid her in her task of keeping down the dust.

The "lighting up" of the furnace fire, in houses where there are registers, is always a signal of approaching dust, although just why that should be is not exactly clear to many people. Because ashes and dust seem to come up through the registers, it is commonly thought that these pipes, carrying the heat upstairs, must connect directly with the furnace fire, whereas the pipes for conducting the hot air should be separated from the fire by the casing of the fire box. The real cause of "furnace dust" comes from the fresh-air box, which usually has two doors, one opening outside of the house and the other into the cellar. It it so happens that the ashes are sifted near either of these doors and they are left open, it is easy enough to see why we find a fine coating of dust upstairs. Being carried along with the current of air, the dust is brought straight from the air box to the rooms above.

Cleaning out the ashpit and sifting the ashes are always difficult to do without scattering a great deal of dust. However, much of this may be avoided if you have on hand a small garden watering pot, which you can use to sprinkle the ahhes with before removing them.

Firewood brought into the house should be brushed off outside. It will take only a few minutes and will save a great deal of extra sweeping.

In apartment houses, where the rooms are heated by radiators and there is no ventilation except from the open window, a great deal of street dirt can be kept out by inserting a board cut to fit the width of the window and about four inches deep. This board can be put at either the top or bottom, between the open sash and the frame, and will in that way cause the ventilation to come from the middle of the window, where the sashes pass each other, preventing all incoming dust.

One of the chief sources of dust in frame houses is the shingled roof, which, if left unfinished inside, proves to be a veritable sieve, letting through all sorts of dirt blown about by the winds. In such houses the dust makes its way everywhere, and winter or summer it requires never-ending care to keep ordinarily clean. Not only is there the dust to battle with, but it seems almost impossible to keep warm with such a roof in winter time. The only remedy is to seal the roof and be ever afterward cleaner and warmer in winter and decidedly cooler in summer.

Keeping the doormat clean is a prevention not only of dirt, but of disease, as in many cases infection is brought into the house in this way. Families with young children playing about the floor little dream of the dangers of the doormat. Every day the mat should be beaten out on the wrong side, and, if possible, hung in the sun, which is noture's great disinfectant. At times when infectious diseases are known to exist in a neighborhood the mat should be immersed in a pail of water containing one tablet of bichloride of mercury. Rinse thoroughly in clear water and hang in the sun to dry.

When it is necessary to sweep up dirt with a broom there is for the purpose a covered dustpan, having a handle as tall as the level of the hand. When the pan is put on the floor the cover opens automatically. The dirt is swept in, the handle lifted and then the cover shuts tight instantly, so that no dirt will be scattered anywhere.

For cleaning rugs and carpets there is a very good make of small vacuum cleaner which is operated by hand, costs the small sum of six dollars and weighs only five pounds. In shape it is like a shovel, with a long handle; it is easily pushed under large pieces of furniture and is very simple to manage.

Mops for both dusting and polishing hard-wood floors come made of absorbent linen fiber. The newest ones are much like a scrubbing brush in shape and have long handles, so that the worker can stand upright while dusting. These mops are also adjustable, so that they can be reversed and used as brushes for dusting the tops of windows or high shelves.

To scrub the floor with the old-time scrubbing brush meant getting about on the hands and knees. Now brushes may be secured that have long handles. These brushes do the work far better, because they are used in such a manner that the upright position of the body gives to them greater force in scrubbing.—The Housekeeper

TO REMOVE A CINDER

To remove a cinder from the eye, turn the upper lid over a smooth, round pencil and examine carefully; if embedded, it can readily be removed by twisting into a fine point a bit of clean handkerchief or soft linen. If not on the lid, hold it out and direct the sufferer to blow the nose vigorously; this will usually carry the offending particle out of the eye.—Selected.

WALK FOR EXERCISE

Walking is a good means of exercise when taken properly, but the ordinary listless, relaxed walk, which so many indulge in, is scarcely any exercise at all. Brisk, energetic walking, with the head erect and the chest well raised, putting into it the energy which the body has, is an exercise which calls into play the majority of the muscles of the body, and sends the blood to the extremities and gives a healthful glow to the skin.—Ex.

WHAT THE BODY NEEDS

The Ideal Food in Summer is One that Makes Muscle Instead of Fat

No sensible person wants to accumulate fat in summer. It is a wearisome job carrying around surplus flesh in the hot season. A reasonable amount of fat in winter is a very comfortable protection against extreme cold. It furnishes the body with heat, but with no strength. When the hot days come this excess baggage becomes a burden.

In summer the body needs muscular tissue instead of fat, not only because it contains less heat-making power, but because one needs more strength for the day's work.

Fat comes from eating starchy foods, such as potatoes, turnips, carrots, white flour bread, etc. The chemist calls these carbohydrates. Fat does not come from eating fats or oily, greasy foods as many persons foolishly imagine. Muscle comes from eating foods that are rich in proteids, such as meat, eggs, cereals, beans and peas. Singularly enough, the high proteids, such as meat and eggs, are not suitable for a summer diet, because they impose a heavy tax on the digestion. They clog the brain and fog the mind. The ideal muscle-making foods for summer are the whole wheat cereals and fresh fruits. They are rich in the proteids without imposing a heavy burden upon the liver, kidneys and digestive organs.

But one must be sure that the whole wheat is well cooked. In shredded wheat biscuit you have the whole wheat grain, steam-cooked, shredded and baked. This food will supply the greatest amount of tissue-building material in the most digestible form and at lowest cost. Being in little loaf form, it makes delicious combinations with berries and all kinds of fruits. Two of these shredded wheat biscuits when served with fresh berries and milk or cream make a complete, nourishing, wholesome meat at a total cost of not over ten cents. It is the ideal food for summer, keeping the brain and body at top-notch working efficiency.

Miscellany

THE SPIDER'S WOOING

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE

There are the spiders, who live and die in the shadow of a unique law which declares that the female shall be in all things stronger and wiser than the male. It is impossible to find elsewhere in nature such an astounding sex-relation, for it is the chief object of the male spider to escape being devoured by the lady spider to whom he has elected to surrender his heart. His whole structure is designed to aid and abet him in this perilous undertaking. He is small—indeed, sometimes minute—strong of limb, agile, wary to an extreme. As a natural result, his personality is not prepossessing. He is no expert spinner. He goes his way through life, now and then weaving an inadequate web—a poor, lopsided affair—to snare the one or two gnats which are all he needs as sustenance for his diminutive body.

At length, at the proper hour, he discovers the silken castle of a female, and, observing it, hesitates, profoundly meditative. In this he is not alone; for others, too, have obeyed her silent summons—have come from far places to group themselves discreetly near her. There is one suitor, perhaps, possessed of great valor—even so, for days his courage fails him; but at last, valiantly, this troubadour advances and twangs one of the strands of her web. By this he strives to discover her temper, to discern her mood. At last, overcome by his own temerity, he risks all and goes up her silken ladder, stumbling over his own multifarious legs, so great is his haste.

She watches him, immobile, a tiny sphinx made of velvet; then there is a sudden rush, a fatal wrapping of the entangling mesh—and an ogre drops aside the body of a gallant knight, sucked dry. It was not auspicious, this venture; and six more suitors may meet a like fate before one succeeds in soothing her. No, the lot of a spider is not a happy one.—The Atlantic.

WHERE YOUR PENKNIFE CAME FROM

Hundreds of thousands of penknives come across the ocean to us every year from the Sheffield factories in England. For three hundred years Sheffield has been making tools and knives of the best possible sort, and the materials from which the knives are made are gathered together from many widely different parts of the world.

Handles are made of ivory from the elephants of Africa, or it may be from the rough horn of an Arctic reindeer, from the shell of a tropical oyster or possibly the bony covering of an unwieldly tortoise from some of the almost unknown wilds of South America. Some of the bone handles may have come from our own domestic cattle, and vegetable ivory from the tropical South American palm tree may have formed others. Wherever they have grown, these knife handles have come from a far-distant place, and each could tell a strange and wonderful story.

The other parts of the knife have also traveled a great many miles to get here! The iron came from mines of Sweden; the nickel trimmings were shipped from Canada. The silver that may adorn the the handle is perhaps a product of the rich mines high up among the Peruvian Andes in South America, and has been brought down in sacks on the backs of those strange creatures called the llamas, and sent on a long sea voyage around the coast and across the ocean. A pocket knife is really a wonderful thing, when one comes to consider all that has gone into its making.—Apples of Gold.

THE EARTH'S UNUSED ELEMENTS

An investigation into the factors rendering certain chemical elements little used shows a surprising diversity of cause. Some are unused because of a true scarcity, such as osmium, of which it is believed there are but a few hundred pounds in the whole available crust of the earth. On the other hand, silicon has scarcely any uses as an element, yet it composes over twenty-five per cent of the earth's crust, says Dr. Charles Baskerville in "The Engineering and Mining Journal."

Others, as palladium, might be rare because of the selfishness of controlling interests. This was a metal concerning which one company had refused to investigate the availability of certain sources, for fear of breaking the market. Still others lack an appropriate extraction process.

Aluminium and thorium were formerly rare metals which have been removed from that class. Aluminium has been reduced to one-hundredth of its price of a generation ago, thorium to one two-hundredth, so that 315,000,000 Welsbach mantles were made from it last year. Thorium is an example of an element cheapened by improved refining processes.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Correct Information

An important-looking and haughtily-acting young man was wandering up and down on the platform of the railroad station of a small Western city. He was intent on finding an empty seat in the express, which was almost due to start. Vainly did he search each car. Suddenly he assumed an official air and, walking up to the last car, he cried out:

"All change here. This car will be left here."

The occupants of the crowded car uttered exclamations which proved their dissatisfaction, but hurried out and packed themselves in other coaches. The face of the young man assumed a bland and childlike expression as he settled himself very comfortably in an empty seat.

Shortly after, the station-agent put his head in at the door, and said:

"I suppose you're the smart boob who told the folks this car wasn't going, aren't you?"

"Yes," replied the bright youth, with a grin.

"Well," responded the station-agent, "you were right. It isn't. The brakeman heard you calling out about it, and so he uncoupled it. He thought you were an official."—Lippincott's Magazine.

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The Bishop Rebuked

Bishop Thornton, when in Ballarat, was walking one fine Sunday morning with his favorite dog, a very intelligent retriever. The dog was performing all sorts of tricks—jumping over his master's stick, retrieving it from the water, and so on.

The bishop was aware of the wide-eyed interest of a small boy, who, with his nurse, was walking on the shore of the lake. The bishop recognized in him the son of a neighbor with whom he was on the best of terms, although the neighbor was a leading light of Nonconformity in the city.

To amuse this boy the bishop put the dog through the whole category of his tricks, and then said: "Now, isn't that a nice dog; and wouldn't you like to have one like him?"

To which the small boy replied, sternly: "Sir, I think you forget what day this is."—London Daily Citizen.

—

His New Religion

"The import of new creeds from America has now become so heavy that it often leads to confusion," says a writer in "Pearson's Magazine." "For instance, the other day in the country my hostess and her daughter dragged me to call on the local vicar's wife. The daughter was about to be married, and held forth at length on her future's many perfections.

"'You really must come over and see our house as soon as ever we are settled down,' she told Mrs. Vicar. 'Wilfred is making all sorts of improvements. New tennis lawns and a rose garden, and he has turned the billiard-room into a library. He is a great bibliophile, you know.'

"The vicar's wife pursed her lemon lips and coughed drily.

"'Ah, indeed,' she said. 'I'm glad to hear you say so. So many of our wealthy men nowadays have *no religion*.'"

—

Conclusive Proof

An old farmer was skeptical as to whether people who were miles apart could really talk to each other over a telephone wire. One day his wife went to make a visit to a distant friend who had a telephone in her house. During the afternoon the farmer visited a neighbor who also had a telephone, and who persuaded the farmer to call up his wife as a little surprise. Following instructions, he put the receiver to his ear, and after the usual preliminaries, he shouted, "Hello,, Jane." Just then a flash of lightning struck the wire, and he fell sprawling to the floor. He rose to his feet, and, shaking his head knowingly, said: "It's wonderful; that was Jane, all right."—Ex.

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"Doctor," said the sick man, "the other physicians who have been in consultation over my case seem to differ from you in the diagnosis."

"I know they do," replied the doctor, who had great confidence in himself, "but the autopsy will show who was right."

Secular News

Home

Harry Thaw was declared sane by a jury.

The garmentmakers' strike in New York City is extending.

Floods in Ohio overflowed river banks, doing heavy damage to cities and farms.

Edison is to be assisted by ten inventors in devising plans for the country's defense.

Order was restored in Mexico City and food and supplies are being rushed into the capital.

Bridgeport, N. H., machinists voted to strike if the Remington Company refuses their demands.

Census report showed the wealth of the United States has more than doubled in eleven years.

A tremendous outburst of patriotism marked the Liberty Bell's reception at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

After January 1, 1916, whisky and brandy will no longer be classed as medicine in the United States Pharmacopœia.

Washington believes the American rejoinder to the German note will be the strongest yet sent to Berlin on submarine warfare.

The President left Cornish, N. H., and returned to Washington to take up the questions in dispute between the United States and Germany.

News leaked out that six men attempted to hold up the motor-car of the British Ambassador leaving J. P. Morgan's home on the day of the attack by Holt.

Foreign

The French recaptured an important hill in the Argonne.

The Turks lost two lines of trenches of the Dardanelles to the Allies.

Austria offered Rumania territorial concessions for neutrality or alliance.

Germany has apologized to the United States for torpedoing of the Nebraskan.

Russians were pushed back by Germans in Courland, North Poland and Galicia.

Italian troops captured Austrian position at the summit of a 7,000-foot mountain.

Irish bayonet charges drove the Turks five miles in Gallipoli battle, according to report.

The Italian Consulate issued a second call to arms, affecting 30,000 men in Pennsylvania.

Turkish tobacco famine was reported to be imminent because of the closing of the Dardanelles.

Germans in a new drive on Warsaw captured Prasnysz, fifty miles north of the Polish capital.

Two passes, 10,000 feet high, were occupied by Italians after repulsing an Austrian attack in force.

The British liner Orduna, with twenty-two Americans aboard, escaped attack by a German submarine.

The Welsh coal miners are defiant toward the British government and a strike is believed certain.

Thirty thousand British women marched in London to impress the need of their employment in munition plant.

Berlin and Vienna are reported to be preparing sharp notes to Rumania for holding up ammunition for Turkey.

The British steamship Dominion sailed from Philadelphia for England loaded with war supplies and carried no passengers.

ROANOKE COLLEGE

Roanoke College closed its 63rd year of service in the cause of liberal education on June 16th with a successful commencement.

Among the students enrolled the past session were many from various states and foreign countries, including Canada, Cuba, Korea and Japan.

The substantial growth of the College is manifested in the notable progress being made in the erection of new buildings, according to a harmonious group plan, which will form a double quadrangle when complete.

The College has a curriculum with electives well adapted to suit the wants of all students, for liberal culture, efficiency of life preparation and for the beginnings of specialization toward the professions and practical life.

The instruction is thorough and the standard is high. The faculty numbers twenty professors and instructors. The library contains 24,000 volumes. Few institutions offer so much at so little expense.

The Roanoke Valley is famous for its beautiful mountain scenery and healthful climate. The moral, social and religious advantages of Salem are unsurpassed.

The catalogue of eighty pages shows that Roanoke is abreast of the times in its facilities and methods. For a copy of the catalogue, with the July Alumni Bulletin, address Roanoke College, Salem, Va.

Obituaries

Obituary Notices of the members of the General Synod Lutheran churches, not exceeding 100 words, or 15 printed lines, are inserted free. All over 100 words, and all resolution and poetry, will be charged for at the rate of one cent a word. All notices of more than 100 words not accompanied by remittance will be returned to the sender.

CRISSMAN. On Sunday morning, July 4th, the community of Punxsutawney, Pa., was shocked at the awful news that Mr. Oliver Crissman was killed at the B. R. & P. Railway crossing on Pine street. Soon a telegram came to the writer to come. It was our sad duty, during this vacancy of the Punxsutawney, Pa., pastorate, to officiate at this funeral on Tuesday afternoon, July 6th. We had been a former pastor. The services were held in the church where he had been a charter member, continuing until his death. The large concourse of people, filling the church, is sufficient to note his standing in the community. And among this number were several ministers of other denominations in the city, including Rev. William Streamer, of Saxton, Pa., a nephew, and minister in the Lutheran Church. Brother Crissman was an elder in his church and one of its main supporters. He was a man of noble principles and upright and honorable in his dealings with men, and he loved his church, and frequently attended the meetings of synod as a delegate with much interest. He was a delegate to the General Synod at Atchison, Kans. His wife preceded him by death, October 28, 1906. Mrs. Thomas K. Fenton, of Conneautville, Pa.; Mr. George Crissman; Misses Edith, Elizabeth and Margaret Crissman, of Punxsutawney, survive his death. Brother Crissman was a florist, and often a messenger to the sick and aged with a gift of flowers. Although seventy years old, yet death came to him without warning, but not without preparation. His life was such. And "his works do follow him." S. T. HIMES.

The Markets

United States Bonds

	Bid.	*Asked.*
2s, reg., 1930	97	98
2s, coup., 1930	97	
3s, reg., 1918	100¼	
3s, coup., 1918	100¼	
4s, reg., 1925	109	
4s, coup., 1925	110½	
2s, Pan., '36, reg.	97	
2s, Pan., '38, reg.	97	
3s, Pan., '61, reg.	101½	
3s, Pan., '61, coup.	100½	

The Philadelphia Market

PHILADELPHIA, PA., July 19.

WHEAT market was higher; No. 2, red, car lots, new, July export, $1.13½a1.15½; No. 1, Northern Duluth, old, export, $1.55a1.60.

CORN was firm; No. 2, yellow, local, 87½a88½c.; steamer, No. 2, yellow, 86½a87½c.

OATS firm; No. 2, white, 62½a63c.

BRAN steady; city mills, winter, $27 per ton; winter, per ton, none here; spring, per ton, $25.50a26.

REFINED SUGAR market unchanged; powdered, $6.20; granulated, $6.10; confectioners' A, $6.

BUTTER market was steady; Western creamery, extra, 27½c.; nearby prints, fancy, 30c.

EGGS were firm; nearby firsts, free cases, $6; current receipts free cases, $5.70; Western, extra firsts, free cases, $6; firsts, free cases, $5.70a5.85.

LIVE POULTRY steady but quiet; fowls, 16½a17c.; old roosters, 11a12c.; broiling chickens, 16a24c.; turkeys, 13a14c.; ducks, spring, 15a17c.; ducks, old, 12a14c.; geese, 10a11c.

DRESSED POULTRY firm, fair demand; freshkilled fowls, fancy, 18½a19c.; fowls, average, 16½a17½c.; fowls, unattractive, 14½a15½c.; old roosters, 12c.; broiling chickens, nearby, 25a32c.; broiling chickens, Western, 21a26c.; spring ducks, 16a17c.; ice-packed fowls, 14a18c.

POTATO market was dull; Penna., per bushel, 40a45c.; Maine, per bushel, 15a20c.; New York, per bushel, 15a20c.; Southern, per barrel, 40a90c.

FLOUR market was firm; winter, straight, $5.50a5.75; spring, straight, $6.50a6.75; spring, patent, $6.75a7.25.

HAY firm, fair demand; timothy, No. 1, large bales, $21; No. 1, medium bales, $21; No. 2, medium bales, $19.50a20; No. 3, medium bales, $16a17; light mixed, $19.50a20.50; No. 1, light mixed, $18a18.50; No. 2, light mixed, $16a17.

The Cattle Market

PHILADELPHIA.—Receipts for the week ending Saturday evening, July 17: Beef cattle, 2,930; sheep and lambs, 8,142; hogs, 4,931; calves, 1,644.

BEEF CATTLE. — There was a slump in prices, the market being in close sympathy with the dressed-stock conditions, which showed a rather demoralizing situation, the extreme heat restricting trade very considerably, and buyers were keeping aloof to a great extent. Offerings were moderate, but more than sufficient for present needs, Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania cattle being on sale. Cows and calves closed lower under limited inquiry. Quotations: Steers, extras, higher; average best, $9.25a9.50; choice, $9a9.10; good, $8.50a8.75; medium, $8a8.25; common, $7.50a7.75; bulls, $5.50a7.75; fat cows, $5.25a7.00; thin cows, $3a4.50; milch cows, common to choice, $45a75; extras, $85; veal calves, exceptional lots, $10a10.50; good to choice, $9.50a10; medium, $7a8; common, $6a7; Southerns and barnyards, $5a7.

SHEEP AND LAMBS. — Values all along the line took a material tumble, and demand was of small proportions and exceedingly unsatisfactory. Hot weather and an unsettled dressed market pulled rates down to the uttermost limit, and it may be several days before the status will shape into the normal again. Quotations: Sheep—Wethers, extra, $6a6.50; choice, $5.50a6; medium, $5a5.50; common, $2.50a3.50; ewes, heavy, fat, $5a5.25. Lambs—Extras, $8.25a8.50; good to choice, $8a8.25; medium, $7a7.50; common, $5a5.50.

HOGS.—This market closed quite strong at the full straight rate, reflecting the feeling at the primary points. Arrivals were well disposed of. Quotations: Westerns, $1.25.

CITY DRESSED STOCK.—Trading was limited to absolute requirements, which were very conservative, and mutton and lamb were lower, with prime and choice meats of every other variety keeping fairly steady. Quotations: Steers, 12½a15c.; heifers, 11½a14c.; cows, 8½a13c.; veal calves, 15a18c.; extra calves, 17c.; Southerns and barnyards, 10a12c.; country dressed, 14a15c.; extras, 16c.; sheep, 11a12c.; extra wethers, 13c.; lambs, 17a18c.; extra lambs, 19c.; hogs, 11½c.